









George Washington

A Little Book of German Wisdom



*Collected
by Claudio
Field*

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A Little Book of German Wisdom

Arndt, Moritz

WHEREVER, O man, God's sun first beamed upon thee, where the stars of heaven first shone above thee, where His lightnings first declared His omnipotence, and His storm-wind shook thy soul with pious awe,—there are thine affections, there is thy country.

Where the first human eye bent lovingly over thy cradle, where thy mother first bore thee joyfully on her bosom, where thy father engraved the words of wisdom in thy heart,—there are thine affections, there is thy country. And though it be among bare rocks and desert islands, and though poverty and care dwell there with thee, thou must love that land for ever; for thou art man, and thou

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canst not forget it, but it must abide in thine inmost heart.

And freedom is no empty dream, no barren imagination ; but in her dwell thy courage and thy pride, and the certainty that thou art of high and heavenly race. There is freedom where thou canst live according to the customs and fashions and laws of thy fathers ; where that which rejoiced their heart, rejoices thine ; where no foreign oppressor can command thee, no foreign ruler drive thee at his will, as cattle at the will of their driver.

This thy country,—thy free country—is a treasure which contains within itself indestructible love and faith ; the noblest good (excepting religion, in which dwells a still higher freedom) that a virtuous man can possess or can covet.—*Moritz Arndt*

Auerbach, Berthold

HONOUR your father and mother that you may live long" does not mean that a good child will live till it is seventy or eighty years old ; no, they who honour father and mother live long, but in time past. They have the life of their parents within them in remembrance and in thought, which cannot be taken from them, and they live long on earth whatever their years, whereas those who do not honour their parents, live but their own life.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

In the small affairs of life how often do we seek something which we want with trouble and solicitude, and after a time when the eye is clear and calm, it is lying plain before us. It is as if before some demon had blinded and confounded us. Is it not also thus in life on a large scale ; in the higher needs of our being ?—*Berthold Auerbach*

Eat and drink
On God oft think
Thine honour strictly save ;
Of all thou'st got
Thou takest not
More than a sheet to the grave.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

Man has the single and prime duty of preserving the repose of his mind. All that is external to him, that terrible “What will people say?” has no business to concern him. This question makes the mind homeless. Do right and fear no one ; thou may’st be sure that with all thy consideration for the world, thou wilt never satisfy the world. But if thou goest forward straight on thy way, not concerning thyself with the friendly or unfriendly glances of men, then thou hast conquered the world, and it is subject to thee.—*Berthold Auerbach*

There was once a young girl who having gone astray and died, found herself in hell, and the holy Peter kept hearing her crying out of the flames to her former lover, “ Paul !

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Paul ! ” and that so touchingly that the worst devil could not have ridiculed it. So one day the holy Peter went to the gate of hell and asked, “ Child, why are you always crying ‘ Paul ! Paul ! ’ and that so miserably ? ” So the maiden said, “ Ah, dear holy Peter, what are all the torments of hell ? Nothing at all ! My Paul suffers much more. How will he endure without me ? I pray you only for one thing ; suffer me once more to go upon the earth, and let me see for one moment how it fares with him. I will then gladly remain here in hell a hundred years longer.”

“ A hundred years ? ” said the holy Peter ; “ consider, child ; that is a long time ! ”

“ Not to me ; oh I pray you, I pray you, let me only once more look on my Paul on earth ; and I will then certainly be quiet, and take everything patiently.”

The holy Peter resisted long, but the poor soul gave him no rest ; so at last he said, “ Well, for aught I care, go—but you will repent it.”

And so the poor soul went on earth to her Paul. And when she got there, she saw

Paul, and he was merry with others ; and so the poor soul went quietly back to eternity, and only nodded calmly and said, “I will now go back to hell, and will expiate.” And then the holy Peter said to her, “The hundred years which thou hast promised are forgiven thee ; in one minute thou hast gone through more than in a hundred years of hell.”—*Berthold Auerbach*

Solitude with happy cheering reflections must be peaceful and blessed ; it is a solitude like that of the tree which shoots down its roots through the sappy earth to some fresh stream in the valley ; but solitude with sad shadowy reflections, is the solitude of the tree, whose roots ever strike against rocks ; it is obliged to pass over them with its roots to twine around them, and to bear for ever a heavy stone in the heart of its fibres.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

There is a childhood of the soul ; I feel it in the grandmother with all her solid experience. Oh, could I but gain this child-

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likeness! But has not he who seeks it for ever lost it?—*Berthold Auerbach*

Love in the higher classes is perhaps greater, more full of energy and depth, and has more in it of all that belongs to passion; but fidelity, this warm-hearted and steady endurance, this seems to me greater among the peasantry. One learns fidelity by work.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

The people live entirely without art. Plastic art, dramatic art, the higher style of music, literature,—none of these exist for the people.

All that they have to bring before them the other life above the trivial things of time, is the church. And the best thing in the church is the poetry it has in it.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

Now I understand why in the Bible the rainbow is designated as a token of peace after the deluge:—the seven colours are not really there; they only appear to the eye of him who receives the broken rays at the

right visual angle. Rest and peace are not to be gained by force; they are pure gifts from the heaven within us, rain clouds and sunshine meeting in our tears and smiles.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

He who obeys the law of nature alone, and persuades himself that he is doing right, is a denier of humanity; he denies that there is a history of the human race, of which he alone is not the only representative, but which was before him and is without him.

—*Berthold Auerbach*

Besser

THIS hard indeed to make a pother
That Eve poor Adam overthrew,
For what he did to please the mother
We daily for the daughters do.

—*Besser*

Adam lay down and slept,—and from his
side

A woman in her magic beauty rose,
Dazzled and charmed he called that woman
“bride,”
And his first sleep became his last repose.

—*Besser*

Bodenstedt, Friedrich

O'ER time's dark skies, as he onward
flies
When life's bright day sets before us,
Remembrances sweet, like stars, arise ;
They tell us night is come o'er us.

—Friedrich Bodenstedt

Shall one complain of the beautiful light
of heaven because the bat cannot abide the
sun-ray ? Rather let a thousand eyes of bats
be blinded, than that the sun should on their
account be darkened !—Friedrich Bodenstedt

Money in the hand of a beggar is as
constant as patience in the head of a lover,
and water in a sieve.—Friedrich Bodenstedt

A newly planted tree may be easily pulled
again out of the earth by a strong man ; but
if the tree has stood long, and struck its roots
deep, even a team of horses shall be unable
to tear it from the soil.—Friedrich Bodenstedt

Börne, Ludwig

PYTHAGORAS offered a hecatomb of oxen when he discovered the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid; since then every ox trembles when a new truth is discovered.—*Ludwig Börne*

Claudius, Matthias

NO man can say of me with a shadow of truth that I am a philosopher; but I never go through the forest without thinking who makes the flowers grow, and then a faint and distant notion of a great unknown One comes over me, and so reverently, yet so joyfully does my heart thrill, that I could wager that I am then thinking of God.

—*Matthias Claudius*

Eckhart, Meister

MAN is the climax of the material creation; in him it has reached its goal. He is set between time and eternity, between the world and God. Other creatures may be said to be God's footprints, but the soul of man is the image of God.

—*Meister Eckhart*

The soul is the formative principle of the body, and as such, is in every limb alike. The word "soul" attaches to this principle, in so far as it gives life to the body; the word "spirit" applies to it in so far as it is above the temporal and natural.

—*Meister Eckhart*

As the soul is the life of the body, so is God the life of the soul. As the soul is diffused through the limbs of the body so is God diffused through the faculties of the

soul. God is the formative principle of the soul and is the Soul of souls.

—*Meister Eckhart*

God has made nothing which resembles Him except the soul. Just as man can assign no form to God so he can assign no form to the soul. As God Himself is immortal, so has He created the soul immortal.

—*Meister Eckhart*

The body is in the soul, not the soul in the body, just as the vessel contains the wine, not the wine the vessel. In itself the soul is free from the body, and from all earthly things. An injury in a bodily organ is not an injury to the soul. On the other hand the imaginations of the soul have more effect on the body than any doctor and his medicine. Therefore we see doctors go about in fine raiment as that stimulates their patients' trust in them, and that trust helps the patient more than anything.—*Meister Eckhart*

The soul's likeness to God resides not in its powers, but in its essence, in which God

is immediately present. This is the spark of the soul, which is an image of the Divine Nature which strives against everything that is not of God and always yearns to God, even in hell. It is the link which unites God and man.—*Meister Eckhart*

According to this, its fundamental principle, the soul is simple, whole, undivided, and diffused throughout the body. Therefore God has caused the soul to resemble Himself that it might be over all things, outside all things, and yet remain in itself undivided.—*Meister Eckhart*

Just as God cannot be described by names and words, so the soul cannot be described by forms or images. Man's intellect can never arrive at understanding what the soul really is.—*Meister Eckhart*

The powers of the soul are divided into higher and lower ones. The three lower ones place it in communion with the world of sense, the three higher with the spiritual world. The three lower are Discernment,

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Anger and Concupiscence, the three higher, Memory, Reason and Will. The highest power is Reason which takes precedence of Will because it seeks God in His essence, while Will seeks Him only as the chief good.

—*Meister Eckhart*

Fichte, Johann Gottlieb

NOT alone to know but to *act* according to thy knowledge, is thy destination. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of pity,—no! For action was existence given thee; thy actions and thy actions alone determine thy worth.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

The proper and characteristic duty of an instructor of the people is the affording a good example. The faith of his flock rests mainly upon his own, and is, strictly speaking, little more than a faith in his faith. His precepts ought to be delivered not as something learnt, as something speculatively discovered, but as something drawn out of his own inward experience, since on this subject, everything must be the result of such experience. If his life contradicts his precepts, no one believes in his experience.

And even if he could support them by such theoretical proofs as must compel conviction, nothing of what he says is believed of himself individually.—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

The system of freewill satisfies, the contrary deadens and annihilates my heart. To stand by, cold and dead, a mere spectator of the change of events, an idle mirror of the forms which fleet across its surface—such an existence is intolerable to me. I despise and loathe it. I will love, I will lose myself in sympathy, I will rejoice and be sad. The highest object of this sympathy to me is myself, and the only means by which I can perpetually satisfy it are my actions. I will do my best in all things. I will rejoice when I have acted right; I will lament over myself when I have done wrong; and even this sorrow shall be sweet to me, for it is sympathy with myself, and a pledge of future amendment.—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

Reveal to me what thou really lovest, what thou seekest and strivest after with thy whole heart, that in which thou expectest to find

real enjoyment of thyself, and thou hast revealed to me thereby thy whole life. What thou lovest, thou livest. The love which thou hast indicated is thy life, the root, purpose and central point of thy life. All other emotions in thee are only life so far as they are directed toward that special central point. That there may be many men who would not find it easy to answer the question I have asked, inasmuch as they know not what they love, only proves that such persons really love nothing, and thus have no life in them, because they do not love.—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

I am perfectly convinced of the freewill of men; it is only under this supposition that duty, virtue, and above all, morality are possible. Let us admit the necessity of all human actions (the “determinismus” of Spinoza) and very baneful consequences for society are the result; the corruption of the manners of the so-called higher classes springs in a great measure from this source.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

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Our system of thought is often but the history of our heart ; conviction arises from inclination, not from reason, and the improvement of the heart leads to true wisdom.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

When my heart is closed to all earthly desires, the universe appears to my eye in a glorified aspect. The dead cumbrous masses which served only to fill space disappear, and in their place the eternal stream of life and strength and action flows on from its source—primeval life ; from *Thy* life, Thou Everlasting One.—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

The most reckless sinner against his own conscience has always in the background the consolation, that he will go on in this course only this time, or only so long, but that at such a time he will amend. We may be assured that we do not stand clear with our own consciences as long as we determine or project, or even hold it possible, at some future time to alter our course of action. He who is certain of his own conduct, feels perfectly confident that he *cannot* change it,

nor the principles upon which it is founded ; —that on this point, his freedom is gone,— that he is fixed for ever in these resolves.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

It is a mistake to say that it is doubtful whether there is a God or not. It is not in the least doubtful, but the most certain thing in the world, nay, the foundation of all other certainty—the only solid absolute objectivity —that there is a moral government of the world ; that to every rational being his determined place is assigned in this government, and his exertions are taken into account, so that every part of his destiny is the result of this plan ; that without Him no hair falls from his head, and within the sphere of His working no sparrow from the housetop ; that every good work succeeds, and as certainly, every bad deed miscarries ; and that to those who love only what is good, all things must turn out for the best.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

The surest means to convince oneself of a life after death is so to act in the present that

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one must wish it. Whoever feels that if there is a God, He must look graciously on him, seeks for no reasons against His existence, and requires none.

—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

The lapse of time serves only to confirm the everlasting miracle, that in all who come unto God through Christ Jesus a new heart is created ; and until time expires all who enter into the Kingdom must come unto God by Him, and until the end of time all who truly know themselves in their relation to Him will bow down with profound reverence to acknowledge the incomparable glory of His manifestation.—*Johann Gottlieb Fichte*

Fouqué (Baroness de la Motte)

IS it then the involuntary sense of something untrue which makes the world distrustful and incredulous of the genuineness of tender emotions and deep feelings? Or is it from a general incapacity to understand what love is, that it is generally ridiculed, and never mentioned but with a sort of trivial irony, the vulgarity of which is almost greater than its offensiveness? The answer I leave. At all events there is nothing which so cramps every flight of the soul, as the mocking doubt of all that is unusual and elevated. This necessarily begets falsehood or (what is as bad) that hard pride which contemns public opinion. Offended earnestness which can never tolerate or forgive frivolous and empty jests, avenges itself on folly and inanity by assuming an attitude of haughty defiance.—*Fouqué (Baroness de la Motte)*

Women know not their own power ; they

know not how and whence they can elevate existence ; they commonly know it not even in detail, though they might, it would seem, observe how powerfully one single intelligent glance of sympathy—the silent accompaniment and completion of half-formed thoughts—may act on the general direction of the mind and character ; how the conviction of being understood and appreciated gives wings to thoughts and eagle-pinions to exertions ; what it is to be able to look forward to praise and honour as a reward for every victory over unworthy desires.

There are eyes which need only to look up, to touch every chord of a breast choked by the stifling atmosphere of stiff and stagnant society, and to call forth tones which might become the accompanying music of a life.

How many have known and forgotten instances of such awakening ! Why do women present an attitude of cold fashionable-ness to a world which they might win by their sweetness and inspire by their virtue ? Their light footsteps ought to touch the earth only to mark the track which leads to heaven.

—*Fouqué (Baroness de la Motte)*

Freiligrath, Ferdinand

O H ! love while Love is left to thee ;
Oh ! love while Love is yet thine
own ;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'l mourn by silent graves alone.

Unheard, unheeded then, alas !
Kneeling, thou'l hide thy streaming eyes
Amid the long damp churchyard grass
Where, cold and low, thy loved one lies.

And murmur “ Oh, look down on me,
Mourning my causeless anger still ;
Forgive my hasty word to thee—
Oh God ! I did not mean it ill ! ”

He hears not now thy voice to bless,
In vain thine arms are flung to heaven !
And, hushed the loved lip's fond caress,
It answers not “ I *have* forgiven.”

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Oh ! love while Love is left to thee ;
Oh ! love while Love is yet thine own ;
The hour will come when bitterly
Thou'l mourn by silent graves alone !

—Ferdinand Freiligrath

Weapon-like, this ever wounding wind
Striketh sharp upon the sandful shore ;
So fierce Thought assails a troubled mind,
Ever, ever, ever more !

—Ferdinand Freiligrath

Darkly unto past and coming years
Man's deep heart is linked by mystic bands ;
Marvel not then if his dreams and fears
Be a myriad, like the sands !

—Ferdinand Freiligrath

Garve, Christian

THOUGHT or intelligence is the light, the sun of the universe. But when we are told that this light of intellect exists only in a few finite creatures upon this earth, what a gloomy suggestion is presented to our minds! We must look on the infinitely greater part of creation, as destined to remain in darkness,—never to be understood! We see the world almost entirely buried in night, though here and there a little space is feebly illuminated by a small lamp which burns only long enough to communicate its glimmer to another lamp of a similar small capacity. If this picture of the world were true, what proportion would there be between the massive and innumerable objects of material nature, and the few intellectual beings called mankind? In such a case how could we reasonably hope for the victory of the intellectual over the material world? Let us turn our view on the other

side. Let us believe in one supreme and omniscient Mind surveying and comprehending the whole of nature. Let us believe, that, as our feeble corporeal frames are surrounded and supported by a vast material world, so our finite minds are under the sway of an infinite intellectual Power. We shall now see a just proportion between mind and matter. The world now becomes a noble object of unceasing study. The attainment of truth appears at last possible; and there will now be faith and hope in our endeavours to promote the dominion of the intellect.—*Christian Garve*

Gellert, Christian Friedrich

A PRUDENT Painter in Athens more intent on excellence than on money, had depicted a God of War ; and sent for a critic to give him his opinion of it. On surveying it, the critic shook his head. “ Too much art visible ; won’t do, my friend ! ” The Painter strove to think otherwise ; and was still arguing when a young coxcomb stept in. “ Gods ! what a masterpiece ! ” cried he at the first glance. “ Ah that foot, those exquisitely wrought toenails ; helm, shield, mail, what opulence of Art ! ”

The sorrowful Painter looked penitentially at the critic, looked at his brush, and the instant the coxcomb was gone, struck out his God of War.

When the critic does not like thy writing, it is a bad sign for thee ; but when the fool admires it, thou shouldst at once strike it out.

—*Christian Friedrich Gellert*

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A Cuckoo once unto a starling spoke
Who, rambling from the city, loose had
broke :
“What do the people think of us in town ?
Our melodies no doubt are in renown !
What’s their opinion of the nightingale ? ”
“Why all the town’s enchanted with her
tale ! ”
“And pray, what are they saying of the
lark ? ”
“Why, half the town his soaring strains
doth mark ! ”
“And of the blackbird ? ” he again inquired.
“That bird is likewise here and there
admired ! ”
“But something else I have to ask of thee,
Canst thou inform me what they say of *me* ? ”
“Oh ! ” said the starling, “to be plain and
true
There’s not one soul that ever mentions
you ! ”
“Then,” cried the cuckoo, “to avenge that
shame,
Henceforth they shall for ever hear my
name ! ”

—*Christian Friedrich Gellert*

A Genius bright,—in honest terms a fool!—
Who, when a boy, the truant played at
school,
And grown a man, but gads about and
chatters
From morn till night of other people's
matters;
In short one of those shallow-pated asses
Who only care to kill time as it passes,
Once kindly paid a visit to a bard.
Quoth he, “Again you're at it, scribbling
hard;
I wonder that you never fall asleep
Since o'er your books you always poring
keep;
I doubtless should ere this a fool have
grown
If I had moped continually alone,—
So that you might not into stupor fall
I just have come to cheer you with a call!”
“Sir,” said the Poet, “leave me then the
same,
I did not feel alone until *you* came!”

—*Christian Friedrich Gellert*

Genz

TWO principles govern the moral and intellectual world. One is perpetual progress; the other, the necessary limitations to that progress. If the former alone prevailed, there would be nothing steadfast and durable on earth, and the whole of social life would be the sport of winds and waves. If the latter had exclusive sway, or even if it obtained a mischievous preponderance everything would petrify or rot. The best ages of the world are always those in which these two principles are the most equally balanced. In such ages every enlightened man ought to adopt both principles into his whole mind and conduct, and with one hand develop what he *can*, with the other restrain and uphold what he *ought*.—*Genz*

Gervinus, Gottfried

IN these modern times which inherit the writings of thousands of years we ought, I think, to become more and more fastidious in our choice of books. As our time becomes scanty in proportion to the demands made upon it, it becomes us to take care that the hours of study are devoted to the works most suitable to improve and refine our minds. Why should we tolerate base productions when there are works of excellence numerous enough to occupy the longest and most studious life? Literature and the fine arts require the services of honest and severe criticism, for as persons of independent taste and judgment are few, if these neglect to distinguish between good and bad productions, public taste may become gradually but entirely depraved.—*Gottfried Gervinus*

Goethe, J. W. von

THE greatest genius will never be worth much if he pretends to draw exclusively from his own resources. What is genius but the faculty of seizing and turning to account everything that strikes us; of co-ordinating and breathing life into all the materials that present themselves; of taking here marble, there brass, and building a lasting monument with them? What should I be,—what would remain to me,—if this art of appropriation were considered as derogatory to genius? What have I done? I have collected and turned to account all that I have seen, heard, observed; I have put in requisition the works of nature and of man. Every one of my writings has been furnished to me by a thousand different persons, a thousand different things, — the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, infancy and age have come in turn—generally with-

out having the least suspicion of it,—to bring me the offering of their thoughts, their faculties, their experience; often they have sowed the harvest I have reaped; my work is that of an aggregation of beings taken from the whole of nature,—it bears the name of Goethe.—*J. W. von Goethe*

This is the prerogative of the noblest natures,—that their departure to higher regions exercises a no less blessed influence than did their abode on earth; that they lighten us from above like stars by which to steer our course,—often interrupted by storms; that those to whom we turned in life as the Beneficent, the Helpful, now attract our longing as the Perfected, the Blessed.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Nothing of the transitory! be it as it may,—
We are here that we may immortalise ourselves.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

An observant well-wisher has very soon cause to remark that the deep-felt com-

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placency of youth suddenly fails; that mourning over vanished joys, regret for the lost, longing for the unknown, the unfound, the unattainable; discontent; invectives against hindrances of all kinds; struggles against jealousy, envy and persecution trouble the clear spring; and thus we see the joyous company break up and become joyless misanthropic hermits. How difficult is it to make it intelligible to talent of every kind and degree that the Muse is a willing and delightful companion on the journey of life but in no wise a safe guide.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Time is incalculably long, and every day is a vessel into which very much may be poured, if one will really fill it up.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Care is taken that trees do not grow into the sky.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Girls we love for what they are; young men for what they promise to be.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

All the productivity of the highest art, every important *aperçu*, every invention, every great thought which is fruitful in results, stands in no man's power, and is exalted above all earthly ability. Man must look on such things as an unhoped-for gift from above, as the pure offspring of God, which he must receive and honour with joyful gratitude. In such cases man is often to be regarded as an instrument, as a vessel found worthy to receive a divine influence.

—J. W. von Goethe

What is the best government? That which teaches us to govern ourselves.

—J. W. von Goethe

The fine emotions whence our lives we mould
Grow in the earthly tumult dumb and cold.
If hopeful Fancy once in daring flight
Her longings to the Infinite expanded,
Yet now a narrow space contents her quite
Since Time's wild wave so many a fortune
stranded.

—J. W. von Goethe

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My worthy friend, gray are all theories,
And green alone Life's golden tree.

—J. W. von Goethe

The period of doubt is past: every one
now would as soon think of doubting his
own existence as that of God. Moreover
the nature of God, immortality, the being of
the soul and its connection with the body are
eternal problems, wherein the philosophers
are unable to give us any further knowledge.

—J. W. von Goethe

Yes! to this thought I hold with firm per-
sistence,

The last result of wisdom stamps it true:
He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew.

—J. W. von Goethe

Who can think wise or stupid things at all
That were not thought already in the past?

—J. W. von Goethe

People talk for ever of Originality but what
does it all mean? As soon as we are born

the world begins to operate upon us and continues to do so to the end. And everywhere, what can we call specially our own, except energy, strength and will? If I should declare for how much I am indebted to great predecessors and contemporaries there would not be a great deal left.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

I do not doubt our permanent existence, for Nature cannot do without the “entelechie” (actual, distinctive being). But we are not all immortal in the same fashion, and in order to manifest oneself in the future life as a great “entelechie,” one must also become one.—*J. W. von Goethe*

I am fully convinced that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which in reality never sets but shines on unceasingly.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

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Fie, be ashamed that thou desirest fame !
'Tis fame that charlatans alone befriends.
Employ thy gifts for better ends
Than vainly thus to seek the world's acclaim.
After brief noise goes Fame to her repose.
The hero and the vagabond are both forgotten ;
The greatest monarchs must their eyelids close
And every dog insults the place they rot in.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Yet, how superb across the tumult braided
The painted rainbow's changeful life is bending,
Now clearly drawn, dissolving now and faded,
And evermore the showers of dew descending !
Of human striving there's no symbol fuller :
Consider and 'tis easy comprehending—
Life is not light but the refracted colour.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

If thou art anything, keep still;
In silence all will work out well:
For one may place him where he will,
The real man will always tell.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

The Christian religion has nothing to do with philosophy. Christianity has a might of its own, by which dejected suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom.—*J. W. von Goethe*

The high and richly-endowed clergy dread nothing more than the enlightenment of the lower orders. They withheld the Bible from them as long as it was possible. Besides what can a poor member of the Christian Church think of the princely magnificence of a richly endowed bishop, when he sees in the gospels the poverty and indigence of Christ, who with His disciples travelled humbly on foot, whilst the princely bishop rattles along in his carriage.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

of German Wisdom *

Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it shines forth in the Gospel.

—J. W. von Goethe

Beware the crash, O thou who drivest fast !
God pays not weekly, but He pays at last.

—J. W. von Goethe

Talent in solitude itself doth form,
But character is shaped in life's wild storm.

—J. W. von Goethe

Longest thou for the world that has no end ?
Penetrate *this* one on all sides, my friend.

—J. W. von Goethe

Die, and be re-born !
For till thou hast reached that goal,
Thou must roam, a weary soul,
On an earth forlorn.

—J. W. von Goethe

Ivy and a gentle mind
Seek round a prop themselves to wind ;
But if they find no prop at all,
Helplessly in the dust they crawl.

—J. W. von Goethe

Wouldst thou Sa'di understand,
Thou must go to Sa'di's land.

—J. W. von Goethe

Within thee too a Universe hath place ;
Hence the good practice of the human race
That every one, whate'er he knows that's
Best,
Calls that his God ; to His behest
All power in heaven and earth gives o'er ;
Him fears and tries to love Him more.

—J. W. von Goethe

Let the sun forsake the sky,
If the soul is bright with morn ;
What the whole world doth deny,
Is within our bosoms born.

—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom ≈

What were a God, Who, outward force
applying,
But kept the All around His finger flying ?
He from within lives through all Nature
rather,
Nature and Spirit fostering each other ;
So that what in Him lives and moves and is,
Still feels His power, and owns itself still
His.

—J. W. von Goethe

The first and last thing which is required
of genius is the love of truth.

—J. W. von Goethe

What sort of husband hers may be,
Look in her face and thou wilt see.

—J. W. von Goethe

The little done is nothing in his eye,
Who sees the vast undone before him lie.

—J. W. von Goethe

Life resembles the Sibylline Books ; it
becomes dearer, the less there remains of it.

—J. W. von Goethe

Though dandled in Luck's lap,
It profits not the loon;
Though heaven may rain down pap,
He has no spoon.

—J. W. von Goethe

That which thou hast inherited from thy
fathers, earn it in order really to possess it.
What one does not use, is a heavy load.

—J. W. von Goethe

Wouldst thou clearly learn what is be-
coming, inquire of noble-minded women.

—J. W. von Goethe

A Cathedral is petrified music.

—J. W. von Goethe

Art is long, life short; judgment difficult,
occasion transient. To act is easy, to think
is hard; to act according to our thought is
troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful;
the threshold is the place of expectation.

—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom *

Earnestness alone makes life eternity.

—J. W. von Goethe

Life's no resting but a moving,
Let thy life be deed on deed.

—J. W. von Goethe

Keep not standing fixed and rooted.
Briskly venture, briskly roam,
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun doth visit
We are gay whate'er betide,
To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.

—J. W. von Goethe

Man must experience, whosoe'er he be,
His death-day and his last felicity.

—J. W. von Goethe

Like as a Star
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His God-given hest.

—J. W. von Goethe

Why so bustleth the People and crieth?
Would find itself victual,
Children too would beget, feed on the best
may be had !
Mark in thy note-books, traveller, this, and
at home go do likewise ;
Farther reacheth no man, make he what
stretching he will.

—J. W. von Goethe

Whom God deludes, is well deluded

—J. W. von Goethe

Joyfully, some years ago
Zealously my spirit sought
To explore it all and know
How all nature lived and wrought
And 'tis ever One in all,
Though in many ways made known ;
Small in great and great in small,
Each in manner of its own.
Ever shifting, yet fast holding ;
Near and far and far and near ;
So with moulding and re-moulding,—
To my wonder I am here.

—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom *

Walls I can see tumbled down, walls I see
also a-building ;
Here sit prisoners, there likewise do prisoners
sit.
Is the world then itself a huge prison ? Free
only the madman,
His chains knitting up still into some grace-
ful festoon.

— *J. W. von Goethe*

To this stithy I liken the land, the hammer
its ruler,
And the people that plate, beaten between
them, that writhes :
Woe to the plate when nothing but wilful
bruises on bruises
Hit it at random ; and made, cometh,
cometh no kettle to view.

— *J. W. von Goethe*

A rampart-breach is every Day,
Which many mortals are storming ;
Fall in the gap who may,
Of the slain no heap is forming.

— *J. W. von Goethe*

According as the sun and planets saw
From their bright thrones the moment of thy
birth,
Such is thy Destiny ; and by that Law
Thou must go on—and on—upon the earth.
Such *must* thou be ; Thyself thou canst not
fly

So still do Sibyls speak, have Prophets
spoken.

The living stamp received from Nature's die
No time can change, no art has ever broken.

—J. W. von Goethe

No Apostle-of-Liberty much to my mind
ever found I ;

Licence, each for himself, this was at bottom
their want.

Liberator of many ! first dare to be servant
of many

What a business is that, wouldest thou know
it, go try !

—J. W. von Goethe

Of all thieves fools are the worst, they rob
you of time and temper.

—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom *

“ What shall I teach thee, the foremost
thing ? ”

Couldst teach me off my own shadow to
spring ?

—J. W. von Goethe

My inheritance how wide and fair ;
Time is my fair seed-field, of Time I’m heir.

—J. W. von Goethe

Poems are coloured window-glasses ;
Look into the church from the market-
square :

Nothing but gloom and darkness there !
Shrewd Sir Philistine sees things so.
Well may he narrow and captious grow,
Who all his life on the outside passes.

But come, now, and inside we’ll go !
Now round the holy chapel gaze ;
'Tis all one many-coloured blaze ;
Story and emblem, a pictured maze,
Flash by you :—'tis a noble show.
Here feel as sons of God baptized
With hearts exalted and surprised !

—J. W. von Goethe

Modern poets put a great deal of water in their ink.—*J. W. von Goethe*

What if the quack gain scholars, like sand
on the sea-shore? The sand is
Sand; but mine be the pearl,—thou my
intelligent friend.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us, silent!

While earnest thou gazest
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

of German Wisdom *

But heard are the Voices
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages :
Choose well ; your choice is
Brief and yet endless :

Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness ;
Here is all fullness
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Is not the kernel of nature in man's heart ?

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Tilts the Gondola lightly over the wave like
a cradle,
And the chest thereupon me of a coffin re-
minds ;
Just so *we*, 'twixt cradle and coffin, go tilting
and floating
On Time's larger canal carelessly on through
our life.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

It were the greatest misery known
To be in Paradise alone.

—J. W. von Goethe

A tender poem like a fair rainbow
On a gloomy background best doth show ;
Hence the whole poetic brood
Court the melancholy mood.

—J. W. von Goethe

All of mere earthly date
As symbol sheweth ;
Here the inadequate
To fullness groweth ;
Here the ineffable
Wrought is in love ;
The Ever-Womanly
Draws us above.

—J. W. von Goethe

Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow
He knows you not, ye unseen Powers.

—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom *

Wouldst know if blackberries taste well?
Ask boys and blackbirds,—they can tell.

—J. W. von Goethe

Were not the eye itself a sun,
No sun for it could ever shine ;
By nothing god-like could the heart be won
Were not the heart itself divine

—J. W. von Goethe

Wealth gone,—something gone,
Must bend to the oar,
And earn thee some more.
Honour gone,—much gone !
Must go and gain glory
Then idling gossips will alter their story.
Courage gone,—all's gone !
Better never have been born !

—J. W. von Goethe

One thing will not do for all :
Each one take what he can carry,
Each one see where he will tarry,
And who stands that he don't fall.

—J. W. von Goethe

What shapest thou here at the world? 'Tis
shapen long ago;
The Maker shaped it; *He* thought it best
even so.
Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest;
Thy journey's begun, thou must move and
not rest;
For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case,
And running, not raging will win thee the
race.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

That children know not what they want
all tutors and philosophers have long been
agreed; but that full-grown men as well as
children stagger to and fro along this earth;
like these, not knowing whence they come
or whither they go, aiming just as little,
after true objects, governed just as well
by biscuit, cake and birch-rod,—this is
what no one likes to believe; and yet it
seems to me, the fact is lying under our very
nose.—*J. W. von Goethe*

“Well-formed healthy children,” said the
Three, “bring much into the world along

with them; Nature has given each what he requires for time and duration; to unfold this is our duty; often it unfolds itself better of its own accord. One thing there is however which no child brings into the world with him; and yet it is on this one thing that all depends for making man in every point a man. If you can discover it yourself, speak it out." Wilhelm thought a little while, then shook his head. The Three, after a suitable pause exclaimed "Reverence!" Wilhelm seemed to hesitate. "Reverence!" cried they a second time, "All want it, perhaps yourself."

—*J. W. von Goethe*

For the distant still thou yearnest
And behold the good so near!
If to use the good thou learnest,
Trust thou'l always find it here.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

We may say that the Christian religion having once appeared, cannot again vanish; having once assumed its divine shape, can be subject to no dissolution.—*J. W. von Goethe*

When I for lack of patience sink,
Of patient Mother Earth I think,
Who they say doth daily spin
Round and round, year out, year in.
Am I then for aught else put here?
I follow my Lady Mother dear.

—J. W. von Goethe

No strong-minded man lets the belief in
immortality be easily wrested from him.

—J. W. von Goethe

(*The Bible.*) These sacred books stand
so happily combined together, that even out
of the most diverse elements, the feeling of
a whole still rises before us. They are
complete enough to satisfy; fragmentary
enough to excite; barbarous enough to
rouse; tender enough to soothe; and for
how many other contradictory merits might
not these books, might not this one book be
praised?—J. W. von Goethe

What can man attain in life beyond this,
that God-Nature should reveal itself to
him?—J. W. von Goethe

of German Wisdom ≈

O my close, tight-fisted brother,
None will help thee,—that believe :
For one hand must wash the other ;
He must give who would receive !

—*J. W. von Goethe*

By great adamantine
Laws everlasting
Here we must all our
Round of existence
Faithfully finish.

There can none but Man
Perform the Impossible
He understandeth,
Chooseth and judgeth ;
He can impart to the
Moment, duration.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Good society have I seen ; they call it
“good,” whenever there is not in it the
material for the smallest of poems.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Hate not the poor philanthropists with their precautions and conditions, for one need pray diligently to retain, amid such bitter experience, the good will, courage, and levity of youth, which are the main ingredients of benevolence. And it is more than a benefit which God bestows when He calls us, who can so seldom do anything to lighten the burden of one truly wretched.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Dreamers find pupils enough, they flatter the weakness of thousands

While the intelligent man counts his disciples by tens.

Poor indeed are the pictures famous for miracle-working :

Art in its loftiest forms ne'er can be prized by the mob.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

You must not deceive the mob because you see the mob is wild and foolish. Be only *upright* with them, and you will gradually train them to be men.—*J. W. von Goethe*

of German Wisdom ≈

When a great man has a dark corner in him, it is terribly dark.—*J. W. von Goethe*

The soul of man is
Like the water :
From heaven it cometh,
To heaven it mounteth,
And thence at once
Must back to earth,
Forever changing.

Wind is the water's
Amorous wooer ;
Wind from its depths up-
Heaves the wild waves

Soul of a mortal
How like thou to water !
Fate of a mortal,
How like to the wind !

—*J. W. von Goethe*

A revolution is always the fault of the government, never of the people.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

The mass can be compelled by mass alone,
Each one at length seeks out what is his own.
Bring much, and every one is sure to find
From out your nosegay something to his
mind.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Feeling is all-in-all ;
Name is sound and smoke,
Clouding the glow of heaven.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Whatever frees the intellect, without at the
same time giving us command over ourselves,
is pernicious.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Only within the circle of law can there be
true freedom.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Let mental culture go on advancing, let
science go on gaining in depth and breadth,
and the human intellect expand as it may, it
will never go beyond the elevation and moral
culture of Christianity as it shines forth in
the Gospels.—*J. W. von Goethe*

of German Wisdom *

It is not necessary to travel round the world in order to discover that the sky is blue.—*J. W. von Goethe*

As to the value of conversions God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which the soul has to take before it can approach to a community with Him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of higher natures.—*J. W. von Goethe*

It is only necessary to grow old, to become more indulgent. I see no fault committed that I have not committed myself.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Man must believe in immortality; this belief corresponds with the wants of his nature. To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my need of activity; if I work incessantly till my death, nature is pledged to give me another form of being when the present can no longer sustain my spirit.—*J. W. von Goethe*

The finest hair casts a shadow.

—*J. W. von Goethe*

Let us not dream that Reason can ever be popular. Passions, emotions, may be made popular; but Reason remains ever the property of an elect few.—*J. W. von Goethe*

While we are children, we are sensualists. Idealists when we love, and attribute to the beloved object qualities which she does not possess. Love wavers; we doubt her fidelity and are Skeptics before we think of it. The rest of life is indifferent; we let it go as it will, and end like the Indian philosophers with Quietism.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Fame is no despicable matter. Napoleon, for the sake of a great name broke in pieces almost half a world.—*J. W. von Goethe*

The gift of poetry is by no means rare, and no one need give himself airs because he has written a good poem.—*J. W. von Goethe*

He who would write prose must have something to say ; but he who has nothing to say can make verses and rhymes ; for one word gives the other, till at last you have before you what in fact is nothing, yet looks as if it were something.—*J. W. von Goethe*

Hegel, George Wilhelm

METAPHYSICS" and "abstract" and I had almost said "to think" are words from which, as from one infected with the plague, every man is more or less disposed to run away.—*George Wilhelm Hegel*

Heine, Heinrich

WHILE I was standing before the cathedral at Amiens with a friend who was regarding that monument, built with the strength of Titans and decorated with the patience of dwarfs, he turned to me at last and inquired "How does it happen that we do not erect such edifices in our day?" My answer was, "My dear Alphonse, the men of that day had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions; and something more than opinions are required to build a cathedral."—*Heinrich Heine*

He that marries is like the Doge who was wedded to the Adriatic. He knows not what there is in that which he marries: maybe treasures and pearls, mayhap monsters and tempests await him.—*Heinrich Heine*

It is a plain old book, modest as nature itself, and as simple too,—a book of an

unpretending work-day appearance like the sun that warms or the bread that nourishes us. A book that looks on us as trustfully and benignantly as the old grandmother, who, with tremulous lips and glasses on her nose, reads in it every day. And the name of this book is simply—The Bible. It is indeed justly called Holy Writ. He that has lost his God can there find Him again, and toward him who never knew Him, it wafts the spirit and the breath of the Divine Word. The Jews, who are well versed in valuables, well knew what they were about, when, at the burning of the second temple, they left the golden and silver vessels of sacrifice, the candlesticks and lamps and even the richly-jewelled breast-plate of the high priest behind them, and only saved the Bible.

—Heinrich Heine

Literary history is the great “morgue” where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

—Heinrich Heine

They will pardon thee everything ; they will pardon thy riches, they will pardon thy high birth ; they will pardon thy handsome figure, they will even pardon thy talent ; but to genius men are inexorable. Therefore is the history of great men always a martyr-legend.—*Heinrich Heine*

The Englishman loves liberty like his lawful wife, the Frenchman loves her like his mistress, the German loves her like his old grandmother. And yet after all no one can ever tell how things may turn out. The grumpy Englishman in an ill-temper with his wife, is capable some day of putting a rope round her neck, and taking her to be sold at Smithfield. The inconstant Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored mistress, and be seen fluttering about the Palais Royal after another. But the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother ; he will always keep for her a nook by the chimney corner, where she can tell her fairy stories to the listening children.—*Heinrich Heine*

of German Wisdom ✠

From the moment that religion seeks aid from philosophy, her downfall is assured. While trying to defend herself, she only makes matters worse. Religion like all other absolute systems, cannot safely attempt to justify itself.—*Heinrich Heine*

Like a great poet, Nature produces the greatest results with the simplest means. These are simply a sun, trees, flowers, water and love. Of course if the spectator be without the last, the whole will present but a pitiful appearance, and in that case the sun is merely so many miles in diameter, the trees are good for fuel, the flowers are classified by stamens, and the water is simply wet.—*Heinrich Heine*

“ When Candide came to Eldorado, he saw in the streets a number of boys who were playing with gold-nuggets instead of marbles. This degree of luxury made him imagine that they must be the king’s children, and he was not a little astonished, when he found that in Eldorado gold-nuggets are of no more value than marbles are with us, and that the school-

boys play with them. A similar thing happened to a friend of mine, a foreigner when he came to Germany and first read German books. He was perfectly astounded at the wealth of ideas which he found in them, but he soon remarked that ideas in Germany are as plentiful as gold-nuggets in Eldorado, and that those writers whom he had taken for intellectual princes, were in reality only common schoolboys.”

—Heinrich Heine

Wherever a great mind utters its thoughts,
—there is Golgotha.—*Heinrich Heine*

Children are younger than we, and can still remember the time when they were trees or birds, and can therefore understand and speak their language; but we are grown old and have too many cares, and too much jurisprudence and bad poetry in our heads.

—Heinrich Heine

of German Wisdom ≈

Mortal ! sneer not at the Devil :
Soon thy little life is o'er ;
And eternal grim damnation
Is no idle tale of yore.

—Heinrich Heine

He who for the first time loves,
Though unloved, is still a god ;
But the man who loves a second
And in vain, must be a fool.

—Heinrich Heine

Hölderlin

A LAS ! the multitude are pleased with
what is current in the market
And the bondman honours only the man of
power ;
Those only believe in the godlike,
Who are themselves what they believe.

—Hölderlin

Iselin

ONE solitary philosopher may be great,
virtuous and happy in the depth of
poverty, but not a whole people.—Iselin

Jacobi, Friedrich Heinrich

THE essence of reason consists in self-perception. It returns into self. That which it perceives, so far as it is conditioned by sense, it calls nature. That which it perceives so far as it is not conditioned by sense, it calls the Divine Being.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

“ Peace is the masterpiece of reason,” says Johann Müller. This is true not only in regard to civil polity, but in every regard.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

What have not men tried and applied in order to guarantee to each other reciprocally, their identity,—the being and enduring of their “I.” All civil order has this for its first and last object, that the will of to-day may be valid also to-morrow. Hence religion has been held so sacred among all nations.

They fixed by means of it the changeableness of their nature.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

As a countenance is made beautiful by the soul's shining through it, so the world is beautiful by the shining through it of a God.

Nothing terrifies man so much, nothing brings such gloom over his spirit as when to his apprehension God vanishes out of nature, as when God hides His face from him, as when design, wisdom, goodness do not appear to rule in nature, but only blind necessity or senseless chance.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Without religion whither will ye flee for safety in a world full of death, full of pains, full of warring passions? Wherever ye flee, injustice and wickedness are the stronger. What comfort, therefore, unless the spirit can lift itself up to something unchangeable, to something eternal? Everywhere man must help himself with something. One grasps at honour, another at pleasure, and destroys his inner life. Religion only can purify and deliver it.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Man is unceasingly employed in raising himself from the stuff to the form, from the actual to the possible, from the world to God.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

It is impossible to be a hero in anything unless one is first a hero in faith.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

“A man of his word,” and “a man of honour” are synonymous terms. He who can embrace a purpose and persist in it ; who can act from a resolve, unsupported by present inclination, nay even in opposition to present inclination, emotion or passion,—of him we say “he has character,” “he is a man.” We despise the man who is always only what things, accidents, circumstances make of him ; the fickle, the inconstant, the wavering. We honour him who can resist objects and the impressions which they make upon him, who knows how to maintain his self in the face of them, who lets himself be instructed but not changed by them.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Have not all virtues sprung up before they had either name or precept? The book of life must be written before an index can be affixed to it? Our moral philosophies are such indexes made after the book; and they are generally made by men who understand nothing of the book.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Life is not a particular form of body, but the body is a particular form of life. The body relates to the soul as the word to the thought.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

The characteristic sign of genius is to forget oneself by living in an idea. Life in an idea must entirely swallow up the proper natural life.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

With the approach of old age I experienced as never before that the living spirit in man is everything, his knowledge nothing.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

of German Wisdom *

Only those thoughts which the most profound earnestness has produced and perfected, take a cheerful form. They make a man joyful. This is the secret of the Socratic irony.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

There is often such a silence in me, so profound a meditation that I cannot express how distracted seem to me all men whom I see before me. No one listens.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Of those who boast that they seek truth for its own sake, the greater part are seeking only a system, and when they have found one, no matter what one, they are satisfied.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

What dost thou call a beautiful soul? Thou callest a beautiful soul one that is quick to perceive the good, that gives it due prominence and holds it immovably fast.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

My aim is not to help the reader to while away the time, but rather to aid those to whom, as to me, the time is already too fleeting.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

What is it that we admire in a Bayard, a Montrose, a Douglas, in the friends of Cimon, who offered themselves up at Tanagra? We admire this in them that they did not doat on the body, but lived exclusively the life of the soul. They were not what accident would make of them but what they themselves had resolved to be. He to whom the law which he is to follow does not stand forth as a God, has only a dead letter which cannot possibly quicken him.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

As my own self is present to me in an incomprehensible manner, so God is present to me likewise in an incomprehensible manner.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Philosophy is an internal life. By means of true philosophy, the soul becomes still, and at last, devout.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

of German Wisdom *

Personality is inseparable from reason ; reason from personality. Reason also is necessarily connected with liberty, and the consciousness of personality is the consciousness of liberty.—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Philosophising is striving to sail up the stream of being and knowing to its source.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

It is sometimes necessary to let five be even. I have all my life practised this doctrine more than I ought from natural facility of temper. But then I have never been able to prevail on myself while letting five be even, to maintain solemnly that there is no such thing as even or that five is the law of even.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

It is never too late with us, so long as we are still aware of our faults and bear them impatiently,—so long as noble propensities, greedy of conquest, stir within us.

—*Friedrich Heinrich Jacobi*

Kant, Immanuel

TWO things fill me with awe ; the starry firmament and the moral law in man.

—*Immanuel Kant*

Beneficence is a duty. He who frequently practises it, and sees his benevolent intentions realised, at length comes really to love him to whom he has done good. When, therefore, it is said “Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,” it is not meant, “thou shalt love him first, and do good to him in consequence of that love,” but “thou shalt do good to thy neighbour, and thus thy beneficence will engender in thee that love to mankind which is the consummation of the inclination to be good.”

—*Immanuel Kant*

The thinking man feels a sorrow that may even lead to moral corruption, of which the thoughtless knows nothing. He feels, namely, a discontent with that Providence, which guides the course of the world at large, when

he reflects on the evils which oppress the human race to so great an extent, and seemingly without the hope of anything better. It is of the greatest importance, however, to be satisfied with Providence, notwithstanding it has prescribed to us a path so full of toil in our earthly world; partly that we may still take courage amid our difficulties; partly lest in ascribing the evils to fate, we forget our own guilt which perhaps is the sole cause of them, and so neglect to seek a remedy for them in self-reformation.—*Immanuel Kant*

It must be confessed that the greatest evils which afflict nations arise from war: not indeed from that which actually is, or has been, as from that never-ending ever-increasing *preparation* for that which is to be. To this end are applied all the forces of the state and all the fruits of its culture, which might be used for still further culture. Freedom is, in many points materially invaded, and the motherly care of the state for individual members, changed to requisitions of inexorable severity; which nevertheless are justified by the fear of external danger.—*Immanuel Kant*

In that stage of culture at which the human race at present stands, war is an indispensable means for the promotion of further culture ; and not till the progress of culture is completed (God knows when) would a perpetual peace be salutary for us ; and not till then would it be possible. Accordingly, so far as this point is concerned, we ourselves are to blame for the evils of which we so bitterly complain ; and the sacred record is quite right in representing the amalgamation of nations into one Community, and their perfect deliverance from external danger, while their culture has scarcely yet commenced, as a hindrance to all further culture and a lapse into irremediable corruption.—*Immanuel Kant*

The result of an attempt to construct a history of primitive man by the aid of philosophy, is contentment with Providence and the course of human things upon the whole, as proceeding not from good to bad, but from worse to better. To this process everyone for his part is called upon by Nature herself, to contribute according to his power.

—*Immanuel Kant*

Enthusiasm is always connected with the senses, whatever be the object that excites it. The true strength of virtue is *serenity of mind*, combined with a deliberate and steadfast determination to execute her laws. That is the healthful condition of the moral life; on the other hand enthusiasm, even when excited by representations of goodness, is a brilliant but feverish glow which leaves only exhaustion and languor behind.—*Immanuel Kant*

At the termination of a war and the signing of a treaty of peace, it might not be unfitting that the proclamation of a day of thanksgiving should be immediately followed by one of fast and penitence, wherein to implore pardon of Heaven for the grievous sin which the race of man is continually committing; inasmuch as no nation will submit to any legal restraint or agreement in relation to other nations, but, proud of its independence, chooses rather to resort to the barbarian expedient of war, by which that which is sought—viz. the right of each nation—can never in any case be ascertained.

—*Immanuel Kant*

Lavater, Johann Caspar

AMONG the dying I have observed some who have been the reverse of noble or great during life, who some hours or perhaps some moments before their death have shown an inexpressible ennobling of the countenance. Everybody saw a new man ; colouring, drawing and grace, all was new, all bright as the morning ; the most inattentive saw, the most insensible felt the image of God. I saw it break forth and shine through the ruins of corruption ; was obliged to turn aside in silence and adore.

—*Johann Caspar Lavater*

Every incarnated soul which is liberated by the death of the body from the fetters of matter will appear such as it is in reality.

All the seductions and allurements which had prevented it from fathoming its own

nature, from learning its own strength and weakness, will disappear, and the soul will feel an irresistible inner attraction to souls similar to itself and an impulse to remove itself from those which are alien to it.

Its own inner weight, as though obedient to the law of gravity will carry the soul into fathomless abysses (so at least it will seem to it). This ;—or else like a spark flying upward owing to its natural lightness, the soul will rapidly ascend into the radiant, ethereal and imponderable spheres.

The soul decides for itself its own weight by its inner impulses ; its inner contents direct it upward, downward, or sideways ; its moral religious character gives it certain longings and directions peculiar to itself.

The good will ascend to the good ; the necessity for good which he feels will attract him to them. The wicked will precipitate himself hurriedly to the wicked ; the fall of gross, blasphemous, and infidel souls to souls like their own will occur instantaneously, as rapidly as the fall of a heavy mass into an abyss, when that which supports it is removed.

—*Johann Caspar Lavater*

The great rule of moral conduct is next to
God, to respect Time.

—Johann Caspar Lavater

Lenau

OUR reason in the hour of need
Will leave us in despair;
There's but one way the soul to lead
To God,—and that is prayer.

—Lenau

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim

IF God should hold all truth enclosed in His right hand and in His left only the ever active impulse to the pursuit of truth, although with the condition that I should always and for ever err ; and should say to me “Choose ! ” I would fall with submission upon His left hand, and say “Father give ! Pure Truth is for Thee alone.”

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness ; one who loves life and understands the use of it ; obliging, alike at all hours ; above all of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor. For such an one we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker.—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

I hate all people who want to found sects. It is not error, but sectarian error,—nay, and even sectarian truth which causes the unhappiness of mankind.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

The crutch may help the lame man to move from place to place, but can never make him a runner; so it is with criticism.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

The first who compared Painting with Poetry was a man of refined feeling who had experienced in himself a similar effect from these two arts. Both, he perceived, represent absent things as present, appearances as reality. Both deceive and the deceptions of both give pleasure.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

The dazzling antithesis of the Greek Voltaire that painting is silent poetry, and poetry a speaking picture, would scarcely be found in any text-book. It was one of

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those conceits in which Simonides abounded, in which that portion which is true is so obvious, that men think they must overlook what is indefinite and false in them.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

To suppose, to wish, to believe the immortality of the soul as a philosophical speculation is one thing ; to conform one's inward and outward life to it is another thing. And this at least, was first taught by Christ. For though it was the belief of many nations before Him, that evil actions would be punished in the life to come, it was only those actions which were injurious to society, and which therefore had a penalty attached to them already by society. It was reserved for Him alone to recommend inward purity of heart with a view to another life.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

No ! it will come ! it will surely come, the period of perfection, when the more convinced his understanding is of an ever better future, the less man will need to borrow from that future the motives of his actions, when

he will choose the good because it is good, and not because arbitrary rewards are annexed to it, which are only to fix and strengthen his wandering gaze at first, until he is able to appreciate the interior and nobler reward of well-doing.—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

Adam awhile in Paradise
Enjoyed his novel life :
He was caught napping ; in a trice
His rib was made a wife.
Poor father Adam, what a guest !
This most unlucky doze
Made the first minute of thy rest
The last of thy repose.
—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

FABLES

A hen which had become blind continued to scratch for food as she had been used. What availed it the industrious fool ? Another hen that could see but wished to

spare her tender feet, never forsook the side of the former, and without scratching, enjoyed the fruit of scratching. For as often as the blind hen turned up a corn, the seeing one devoured it. The laborious German compiles the collectanea which the witty Frenchman uses.—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

A wolf lay at the last gasp and was reviewing his past life. “It is true,” said he, “I am a sinner, but yet I hope not one of the greatest. I have done evil, but I have also done much good. Once I remember a bleating lamb that had strayed from the flock, came so near to me, that I might easily have throttled it; but I did it no harm. At the same time I listened with the most astonishing indifference to the gibes and scoffs of a sheep, although I had nothing to fear from protecting dogs.”

“I can testify to all that,” said his friend the fox, who was helping him prepare for death, “I remember perfectly all the circumstances. It was just at the time you were so dreadfully choked with that bone

which the good-natured crane afterwards drew out of your throat."

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

"What are you doing there?" demanded a swallow of the busy ants. "We are collecting stores for the winter," was the answer. "That is wise," said the swallow. "I will do so too." And immediately she began to carry a number of dead spiders and flies into her nest. "But to what purpose is that?" asked her mother at last. "To what purpose? Stores for the ugly winter, dear mother. Do thou gather likewise. The ants have taught me this foresight."

"Oh, leave to earthly ants this small wisdom," replied the old one. "That which befits them, befits not the nobler swallows. Kind nature has designed us for a happier fate. When the rich summer is ended we go hence; we gradually fall asleep on our journey, and then warm marshes receive us, where we rest without wants until a new Spring awakens us to a new life."

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

“Father of beasts and of men,” so spake the horse, approaching the throne of Zeus, “I am said to be one of the most beautiful animals with which thou hast adorned the world; and my self-love leads me to believe it. Nevertheless might not some things in me still be improved?”

“And what in thee, thinkest thou, admits of improvement? Speak, I am open to instruction,” said the indulgent god with a smile.

“Perhaps,” returned the horse, “I should be fleeter if my legs were taller and thinner. A long swan-neck would not disfigure me. A broader breast would add to my strength. And since thou hast once for all destined me to bear thy favourite, man,—the saddle which the well-meaning rider puts upon me might be created a part of me.”

“Good!” replied Zeus, “wait a moment.” Zeus with earnest countenance pronounced the creative word. Then flowed life into the dust; then organised matter combined; and suddenly stood before the throne the ugly *camel*.

The horse saw, shuddered and trembled with fear and abhorrence.

“Here,” said Zeus, “are taller and thinner legs; here is a long swan-neck; here is a broader breast; here is the created saddle! Wilt thou, horse! that I should transform thee after this fashion?”

The horse still trembled.

“Go!” continued Zeus. “Be instructed for this once, without being punished. But to remind thee with occasional compunction of thy presumption—do thou, new creation, continue!” Zeus cast a preserving glance on the camel, “and never shall the horse behold thee without shuddering.”

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

Believe me, friends, the great world is not for the philosopher—is not for the poet. Their real value is not appreciated there; and often, alas! they are weak enough to exchange their position for a far inferior one. In the earliest times the swallow was as tuneful and melodious a bird as the nightingale. But she soon grew tired of living in the solitary bushes, heard and admired by no one but the industrious countryman and the innocent shepherdess. She forsook her

humble friend and moved into the city. What followed? Because the people of the city had no time to listen to her divine song, she gradually forgot it, and learned, instead thereof, to—build.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

The raven remarked that the eagle sat thirty days upon her eggs. “And that undoubtedly,” said she, “is the reason why the young of the eagle are so strong and far-seeing. Good! I will do the same.”

And since then the raven actually sits thirty days upon her eggs; but as yet, she has hatched nothing but miserable ravens.

—*Gotthold Ephraim Lessing*

Lichtenberg

THIS world of ours will become so refined that it will be as ridiculous to believe in God, as it is now to believe in ghosts ; and then the world will become still more refined ; then we shall believe only in ghosts. We shall ourselves become as God.

—*Lichtenberg*

When the mind rises, it throws the body on its knees.—*Lichtenberg*

It is questionable whether mere reason, without the heart, ever lighted upon God ; it is after the heart knows Him that the reason also seeks Him.—*Lichtenberg*

We think rapidly enough, but we are not aware that we think ; any more than we are sensible that we grow or that we digest. There is however this difference, that the work of digestion is only felt by bad

stomachs, while the operation of thought is only remarked by good heads.—*Lichtenberg*

Naturalists, particularly chemists, have observed, that man and every animal that breathes, and wishes to retain its breath as long as possible, ought to inhale a mixture consisting of one part of pure vital air, and three parts of deadly air. This is a most remarkable fact: immerse a man entirely in the latter, and he will neither breathe nor eat again. Plunge him entirely into the former, —O! how rapidly burns the flame of life! with sixfold brilliancy it glows! The bloom of the cheek is brighter! The powers of digestion are increased with sixfold force! But the fire blazes out too impetuously. How wisely therefore has nature tempered the vital air in our atmosphere, by combining it with a treble portion of deadly gas. Did we consist entirely of soul, we should all shoot up into fanatics and devotees, fit neither for heaven nor for earth; but the five well-known dampers hinder this too luxuriant growth, and cause the soul to vegetate more slowly.—*Lichtenberg*

Liebig

THE materialists assert that man's intellect is the product of his senses, that the brain produces thoughts by means of a change of matter, and is related to them as the liver is to the gall. As the gall perishes with the liver, so does the mind with the brain. If the conclusions of these people are divested of their borrowed tinsel and toys they amount to this, that the legs are for walking, the brain for thinking, and that we must learn to think as the child learns to walk, that we cannot walk without legs, and cannot think without a brain, that an injury to the organs of progression alters the gait, and an injury to that of thinking the thoughts. But the flesh and bones of which the legs consist do not move themselves, but are moved by a cause which is not flesh and bone, they are the instruments of a force, and the soft mass called the brain is the instrument of the cause which produces the

thoughts. As the harp sounds when the wind sweeps its strings, so does the brain think through a change of matter, so does the ear hear, the eye see; but the brain does not think thoughts of itself, the ear does not hear music, the eye does not see the bright sun, the green tree, it does not understand the language of the eye whence affection is beaming. Man's mind is not the product of his senses, but the acts of the senses are the product of the intelligent will in man.

—*Liebig*

Luther, Martin

WHEN God's word is by the Fathers expounded, construed, and glossed, then in my judgment, it is even like unto one that straineth milk through a coal-sack which must needs spoil the milk, and make it black ; even so God's word of itself is sufficiently pure, clean, bright and clear ; but through the doctrines, books and writings of the Fathers, it is very sorely darkened, falsified and spoiled.—*Martin Luther*

Wisdom, understanding, learning and the pen,—these do govern the world. If God were angry and took all the learned out of the world, then all people would become mere wild and savage beasts ; for without wisdom, understanding and laws not even Turks or Tartars could live together and subsist.—*Martin Luther*

That famous painter, Albert Dürer, used to say he took no delight in such pictures as were painted with many colours, but in those that were made most plain. Even so I likewise take delight in those sermons that enter fine and simply, so that they may be well understood and comprehended of the common people.—*Martin Luther*

The wives of great kings and princes have not the government; for God saith to the woman “Thou shalt be obedient to thy husband.” The man hath the government in the house, except he be “verbum anomalum,” that is to say a fool; or that out of love to his wife he suffers her to govern, as sometimes the master follows his servant’s counsel. Otherwise the woman must wear a kerchief as an honest woman ought to do; she must help to bear her husband’s crosses, troubles, sicknesses, etc.—*Martin Luther*

I must be patient with the Pope; I must have patience with heretics and seducers; I must have patience with the roaring courtiers; I must have patience with my servants; I

must have patience with Katherine my wife ; to conclude, the patiences are so many that my whole life is nothing but Patience.

—*Martin Luther*

Once, toward evening two birds came flying into Luther's garden, where they had made their nest, but they were often scared away by those that passed by. Luther, observing this said, "O ye loving pretty birds, fly not away. I am heartily well contented with you, if ye could but trust me ; but it is even the same with ourselves, we cannot trust in God, who notwithstanding, sheweth and wisheth us all goodness."—*Martin Luther*

What miserable poor people we are ! We earn our bread with sin ; for until we attain to seven years we do nothing but feed, drink, play and sleep. Afterwards from the eighth year we go to school, it may be, three or four hours in the day. From this time to the one-and-twentieth year we drive on and commit all manner of folly with playing, running, drinking, swilling and what not ; and then we begin to labour a

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little. When we come to fifty years, then we get done with labouring, and become children again. The half of our life we consume in sleeping, eating, etc., insomuch that scarce five years are spent in labouring. We hardly work for the tenth part of our lives. Fie upon us! we do not give to God even the tenth. What then, are we able, with our good works to earn of God Almighty? Yet how we brag and boast of them!—*Martin Luther*

Mendelssohn, Moses

WE enjoy every day the results of centuries of inventions. It is not so in the moral and intellectual sphere. Every generation brings its crowd of new and raw pupils into the school of moral philosophy. Here none can rest entirely on the labours of another. Every man is born to search for truth and to make free his own moral nature from confusion and doubt. Is not the endeavour to satisfy this necessity of our nature of greater importance than the cultivation of sensuous luxuries? Even if we accept the principle that happiness in this life should be the sole object and end of all wisdom we may still ask "Must not this happiness rest in eternal peace? and will not the contemplation of truth open the widest field of rational enjoyment?" — *Moses Mendelssohn*

Menzel, Wolfgang

HERE is something touching, if you will, in the life-long toil of working up the prodigious primeval forest of the Bible, whose roots strike deep, which towers to heaven, which is interwoven with thousands of creeping plants, tendrils and luxurious flowers, by means of exegetical rooting out, weeding and clipping into a bald rational system of some half-disciple of Kant or Hegel, crossed by a couple of yew hedges, mathematically cut out according to the principles of French gardening, and moderately vivified by a little philosophical fountain. It is tragical at least, if when the task is completed and the stout labourer wishes to enjoy his work, other people come there, who see the primeval forest still standing,—the ancient sacred forest against which the axe never strikes. All that the labourer had accomplished was deception; he had hewn down the forest only in his

imagination ; the little shaven garden of yews existed only in his rational faith of the head.—*Wolfgang Menzel*

If the Bible did not reign over the community by its spirit and letter, it is certain that no rationalist would plague himself about so troublesome a book.

—*Wolfgang Menzel*

When the sun sets, the everlasting stars come forth ; when the everyday work is done, there is awakened in us the consciousness of another, an everlasting life. From the surface the mind looks into the depth, from visible effects to mysterious causes and consequences, from the present to the beginning and end. Nay there is a bottomless deep of things, there is a God, an eternity and man himself springs from an origin as profound, and is destined for something more than the vulgar affairs of every day.

—*Wolfgang Menzel*

Words are no better supporters of the spirit than external symbolical acts. A

system of ready and flexible ideas can as well feign the part of the true religious life as that petrified system of outward practices. Repentance and good resolutions may as easily be smothered in the press of religious reading as in the pomp of sacrifices and ecclesiastical penances. One is as ready to believe that he has done what he has only read, as to content himself with praying off a whole rosary.—*Wolfgang Menzel*

The noblest thing which Tacitus relates of our ancestors is that they reverenced something holy in our ancient mothers. We Germans are the children of love; other nations whose ancestors treated their women with contempt like slaves, are only the children of sensual passion.

—*Wolfgang Menzel*

Merkel

ORDINARY people regard a man of a certain force and inflexibility of character as they do a lion. They look at him with a sort of wonder—perhaps they admire him—but they will on no account house with him. The lap-dog who wags his tail, and cringes at the nod of every stranger, is a much more acceptable companion to them.

—Merkel

Möser, Justus

IT will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you, to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. But it is not so difficult as you think, dear child, to behave to a husband, so that he shall remain for ever in some measure a lover. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at

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the right time will not fail of its effect. What need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a loving girl, says an old book, is like a dewdrop on the rose ; but that on the cheek of a wife is a drop of poison to her husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so ; and when you have made him happy, you will become so, not in appearance but in reality.

The skill required is not great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife ; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful, you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity of letting fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you ; and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed on you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings.—*Justus Möser*

*(Letter from an old married lady to a
young one.)*

Müller, Johannes

SURROUNDED by the nations which have the foremost influence on the destinies of mankind lies our Fatherland ; strong against all, formidable to most, in six hundred thousand warriors who have seldom been equalled and never excelled. For whomsoever or for whatsoever cause they take up arms, whoever be their leader, with them rests the balance of political power, the liberties of Europe, the welfare of the human race.

By Germans was the last universal monarchy overthrown ; from among them proceeded the rulers of the states which arose out of its ruins, in one of whom, chosen by themselves, Europe recognised the title and rank of Cæsar ; while the abuse of his power was mainly checked by the spirit of German freedom.—*Johannes Müller*

Nathusius, Marie

JUST as we look at the world, and all that pertains to it, it looks at us ; as we deal with it, it deals with us. If we are fickle and undecided with it, it masters us ; if we are bold and firm, and resolved to have the upper hand, it yields to us,—with a few grimaces and side-hits, perhaps, that do not reach us. The world desires no explanation of our doings ; it knows and feels instinctively whether we mean to serve or rule ; whether we associate with it from fear, weakness, vanity, or whether we do it from motives of duty and because it is sometimes good for us.

—*Marie Nathusius*

Niebuhr, B. G.

IMUST now give a few hints respecting your reading. I do not wish you to show a partiality for such writings as those of Horace. These satires which expose the mean and wretched side of human nature during a time of corruption are not suitable reading for youth ; and in ancient times such books would not have been put into the hands of young men. Turn away from them to Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles and Pindar ; to works which will make you an inmate of a superior world, and acquainted with great men and heroic deeds. Among prose writers devote yourself to Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plutarch, Cicero, Livy, Sallust and Tacitus. Do not read their works to criticise them but to fill your mind with their thoughts. Listen to them as you ought to listen to the voices of the great men of antiquity. This is the true philology which ennobles and refines the soul ; and all our erudition should

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be regarded as a mere instrument devoted to a high purpose.—*B. G. Niebuhr*

(From a letter to a student of philology.)

To regard a whole people and a whole country only as a source of amusement for oneself,—to see nothing in the world and nature but a vast and varying scenery and decoration for the drama of one's own miserable life,—to look on all intellectual and moral greatness, on all that speaks to the heart, with the polished indifference of a mere spectator, or when it is crushed and over-powered by folly and baseness to make merry with the ludicrous side which these present—to me this is revolting ;—perhaps more so to me individually than I can expect it to be to others, but the spirit which it betrays I can tolerate in no man.—*B. G. Niebuhr*

The writer or even the student of history, ought, if possible, to know all nations in their own tongue. Languages have one inscrutable

origin—as have all national peculiarities,—
and he has but an imperfect knowledge of a
people who does not know their language.

—*B. G. Niebuhr*

Niedermayer

IN the bees' well-ordered state
There's no discord, feud, or hate ;
Why?—what statutes can prevent them?
They've no females to torment them.

—*Niedermayer*

Novalis

PHILOSOPHY is properly Homesickness ; the wish to be everywhere at home.—*Novalis*

We are near awakening when we dream that we dream.—*Novalis*

To become properly acquainted with a truth, we must first have disbelieved it, and disputed against it.—*Novalis*

Man is the higher Sense of our Planet ; the star which connects it with the upper world ; the eye which it turns toward heaven.—*Novalis*

Life is a disease of the Spirit ; a working incited by Passion.—*Novalis*

There is but one Temple in the world ; and that is the Body of Man. Nothing is holier than this high form. Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—*Novalis*

Where no gods are, spectres rule.

—*Novalis*

Where children are, there is the golden age.—*Novalis*

Christianity is opposed to science, to art, to enjoyment in the proper sense.

It goes forth from the common man. It inspires the great majority of the limited on earth.

It is the germ of all democracy, the highest fact in the domain of the popular.

—*Novalis*

There are ideal trains of events which run parallel with the real ones. Seldom do they coincide. Men and accidents commonly modify every ideal event, or train of events,

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so that it appears imperfect, and its consequences are equally imperfect. Thus it was with the Reformation—instead of Protestantism arose Lutheranism.—*Novalis*

A character is a completely fashioned will.—*Novalis*

Hypotheses are nets,—only he who throws them out will catch anything. Was not the discovery of America the result of an hypothesis.

The sceptic has contributed just as little (that is, absolutely nothing) as the vulgar empiric, to the enlargement of the field of knowledge. At the most, the sceptic only shakes the ground on which the individual hypothesis stands:—a strange way of making progress,—a very indirect service at the best.—*Novalis*

Strange as it may seem to many, yet there is nothing more true than that it is only the treatment, the outward form, the melody of style which induces us to read and enchains us to this or that book.

—*Novalis*

A space-filling individual is a body; a time-filling individual is a soul.—*Novalis*

The artist belongs to his work, not the work to the artist.—*Novalis*

The most perfect specimens of ordinary women have a very acute and distinct perception of all the boundary lines of everyday existence, and guard themselves conscientiously from overstepping them. Hence their well-known and remarkable uniformity. They cannot bear excess, even in refinement, delicacy, truth, virtue, passion. They delight in variety of the common and accustomed. No new ideas—but new clothes. Fundamental monotony—superficial excitement. They love dancing on account of its light, vain and sensual character. The highest sort of wit is insufferable to them—as well as the beautiful, the great, the noble; middling or even bad books, actors, pictures and the like delight them.—*Novalis*

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Sin is indeed the real evil in the world. He who understands sin, understands virtue and Christianity, himself and the world.

—*Novalis*

In cheerful souls there is no wit. Wit shows a disturbance of the equipoise.

—*Novalis*

Most people know not how interesting they are, what interesting things they really utter. A true representation of themselves; a record and estimate of their sayings, would make them astonished at themselves, would help them to discover in themselves an entirely new world.—*Novalis*

Only so far as a man is happily married to himself, is he fit for married life and family life generally.—*Novalis*

Shame is a feeling of profanation. Friendship, love and piety, ought to be handled with a sort of mysterious secrecy; they ought to be spoken of only in the rare moments of perfect confidence,—to be mutually understood in silence. Many things

are too delicate to be thought—many more to be spoken.—*Novalis*

Many men live better with past or with future ages than with the present.—*Novalis*

A certain degree of solitude seems necessary to the full growth and spread of the highest mind; and therefore must a very extensive intercourse with men stifle many a holy germ, and scare away the gods, who shun the restless tumult of noisy companies and the discussion of petty interests.

—*Novalis*

The ideal of ethical perfection has no more dangerous rival than the ideal of the highest strength—the most intense vital energy—which has been called the ideal of æsthetic greatness. It is the maxim of barbarians, and has, alas! in these days of wild irregular culture, obtained very numerous adherents, precisely among the

feeblest minds. Man, under the influence of this Ideal, becomes an animal spirit—a combination whose brute intelligence possesses a brute attraction for the weak.—*Novalis*

In youth we read history from curiosity alone, as we would an amusing story. In riper age we regard her as a heavenly, consoling and instructive friend, who softly prepares our way to a higher and more extensive career by her wise converse, and makes us acquainted with the unknown world by means of intelligible symbols. The Church is the dwelling-place of history, and the quiet churchyard her symbolical flower-garden. History should be written only by old and god-fearing men, whose own history is at an end, and who have nothing further to hope than their transplantation into that garden. And their description would not be dark or gloomy; much rather would a ray from the cupola show everything in the most just and beautiful light, and the Holy Spirit would move upon the face of these strangely troubled waters.

—*Novalis*

Poetry especially must be pursued as a *severe* art. As mere pleasure—amusement—it ceases to be poetry. A poet must not wander about idly all day long, hunting for images and for sensations.

That is the wholly perverted way. A pure open spirit, a habit of reflection and of observation, and skill in putting all his powers into a reciprocally quickening activity, and in holding them therein,—such are the qualities demanded of a poet.—*Novalis*

Opitz

IF one have served thee, tell the deed to
many.
Hast thou served many, tell it not to any.

—*Opitz*

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never
cried “Jam Satis.”
’Twould wake him did he know, you read
his tomb-stone gratis.

—*Opitz*

Pestalozzi

THE fact is indisputable. Our popular schools are not only unsatisfactory, and wholly inadequate to the cultivation of those natural powers, of which man in a state of society stands in need ; they have, in many respects, been positive obstacles in the way of the purely psychological development of those powers. For even the faculties which have been regarded as the most important and valuable have been subjected to a training in which knowledge is forced into the mind without any exercise of the powers of thought or feeling ; the superficial acquirement of so-called truths has been preferred to the inculcation of principles, or the practice of the arts of life ; and the true and real development of the innate faculties of man has been rendered subordinate to useless and showy accomplishments.—*Pestalozzi*

Rahel von Ense

NOT only is it very difficult to find truth, but when we have found, we are forced to deny it.—*Rahel von Ense*

Those who completely sacrifice themselves are praised and admired ; that is the sort of character men like to find in others.

—*Rahel von Ense*

To have freedom is only to have that which is absolutely necessary to enable us to be what we ought to be, and to possess what we ought to possess. This is clear if we ask ourselves what are the grounds and objects of our aspirations and wishes, and reflect what are the obstacles to their fulfilment. This inquiry leads us to the root of all lying. The first privation of freedom consists in this—that we must not say what we wish or what we think. Yet he alone is worthy to be called a friend to whom we dare to show ourselves as

we are. If lies are told us, we must look to ourselves as the cause ; we must not only deserve confidence by our integrity, but inspire and invite it by our kindness and indulgence. To repose such confidence is the profoundest of all social wants ; the end and the foundation of speech.—*Rachel von Ense*

The less tenderness a man has in his nature, the more he requires from others.

—*Rachel von Ense*

In the lowest chamber there is a romance, if we knew all hearts.—*Rachel von Ense*

A stone may have a history, but only a creature with consciousness a destiny. Most men have only a history.—*Rachel von Ense*

One becomes lonely in life in spite of the many new children.—*Rachel von Ense*

To think is to dig, and then to measure with the plummet. Many have no strength to dig—others no courage or handiness to lower the plummet.—*Rachel von Ense*

In a sound sleep the soul goes home to recruit her strength which could not else endure the wear and tear of life.

—*Rachel von Ense*

Ranke, Leopold

RELIGIOUS truth must have an outward and visible representation, in order that the State may be perpetually reminded of the origin and end of our earthly existence ; of the rights of our neighbours, and the kindred of all the nations of the earth ; it would otherwise be in danger of degenerating into tyranny, or of hardening into inveterate prejudice,—into intolerant conceit of self, and hatred of all that is foreign. On the other hand a free development of the national character and culture is necessary to the interests of religion. Without this its doctrines can never be truly understood nor profoundly accepted ; without incessant alternations of doubt and conviction, of assent and dissent, of seeking and finding, no error could



be removed, no deeper understanding of truth attained. Thus then, independence of thought and political freedom are indispensable to the Church herself; she needs them to remind her of the varying intellectual wants of men, of the changing nature of her own forms; she needs them to preserve her from the lifeless iteration of misunderstood doctrines and rites, which kill the soul.—*Leopold Ranke*

Richter, Jean Paul

A LAS! for us weak ones with strong resolutions! If the cold senseless form whose festering wounds, inflicted by ourselves, we expiate with penitent tears and resolutions to do better, were this day again to appear amongst us, new-created and blooming in youth and remain with us—alas! only in the first week should we press the newly found, dearer soul forgivingly to our bosoms; and afterwards, as before, we should pierce it with the old sharp instruments of torture.—*Jean Paul Richter*

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs are like the graves of the Herrnhuters (the Moravians), level and undistinguishable from the common earth ; and if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah ! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth, the tree of life, the tree of knowledge and the tree of freedom, shed but never reckoned ! It is only great periods of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the pedestal from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, conquering and resplendent. The greatest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And because history for the most part records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood,—therefore is it that in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the

world, our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

Jean Paul Richter

Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling,—*this* by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* it is which makes him the immortal creature that he is.—*Jean Paul Richter*

The earth is every day spread over with the veil of night for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz., that we may more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night as lights and flames ; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day-time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Boys may derive advantage from the evil example of drunken Helots ; girls should witness only what is good. Even boys do not come forth from the Augean stable of world discipline without some smell of the barn. But girls are tenderwhite Paris-apple blossoms, parlour flowers whose delicate freshness cannot bear to be handled, but may only be touched with the finest brush. Like the priestesses of antiquity, they should be brought up only in holy places ! the harsh, the indecorous, the violent they may not hear, far less behold.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral manly strength. The weak whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood ;—they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud ; and as one half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

God is near at the birth of every child. Who does not find Him in this incomprehensible mechanism of pain, in this sublimity of His exquisite machinery, in this prostration of our own independence, will never find Him.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Many think themselves to be truly God-fearing when they call this world a valley of tears. But I believe they would be more so if they called it a happy valley. God is more pleased with those who think everything right in the world than with those who think nothing right. With so many thousand joys, is it not black ingratitude to call the world a place of sorrow and torment?

—*Jean Paul Richter*

As the blind man knows not light, and through that ignorance also of necessity knows not darkness, so, likewise but for disinterestedness, we should know nothing of selfishness, but for slavery, nothing of freedom: there are perhaps in this world many things which remain obscure to us for want of alternating with their opposites.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty; under gold mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may be crushed down and buried. When among the flames of youth, and above all of hotter powers as well, the oil of riches is also poured in, little will remain of the Phœnix but his ashes; and only a Goethe has force to keep, even at the sun of good fortune, his phœnix wings unsinged.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Fate manages poets as men do singing-birds; you overhang the cage of the singer and make it dark, till at length he has caught the tunes you play to him and can sing them rightly.—*Jean Paul Richter*

I hold the constant regard we pay in all our actions to the judgments of others, as the poison of our peace, our reason and our virtue. At this slave-chain I have long filed, and I scarcely ever hope to break it entirely asunder. I wish to accustom myself to the censure of others, and *appear* a fool, that I may learn to endure fools.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Every mortal longs for his parade-place ; would still wish at banquets to be master of some seat or other, wherein to overtop this or that plucked goose of the neighbourhood.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Great authors are like the earth, that looks from a distance, from heaven, like a shining moon, but when the foot is upon it, is found to be made of boue de Paris (Paris mud).

—*Jean Paul Richter*

The inner man, like the negro, is born white but is coloured black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a flitting comet ; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years ; and as according to theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves,—in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.—*Jean Paul Richter*

of German Wisdom *

One should strive far more earnestly to gain and secure and elevate the love of wife and children than any other foreign love; for nothing can contribute half as much to the happiness of life.—*Jean Paul Richter*

A man should consecrate a half-hour daily or weekly to reckoning up and considering the virtues of his wife and children and nearest friends; so that their perfections may not first at their death press together to a burning focus. Often enough, alas! do we need this pressing together, namely after an offence, in order to be only justly angry, and to reflect all his light upon the offender.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder, the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action—these are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.—*Jean Paul Richter*

There is no faith without miracles, and faith itself is a miracle of the deepest root. To everything great that befalls you are compelled to ascribe an origin mysterious, unforeseen, inexplicable, like genius, love, power and everything noble upon earth. Only the weak and the limited proceed by degrees, by steps and painful advancement;—the ladder of heaven has no steps.—*Jean Paul Richter*

There is something higher on the sea than its waves, namely the Christ who appeases them.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Who has not felt with me that frequently a rural nosegay which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to god-like childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first circling Aurora-cloud of our earliest sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most forcible and interior?—*Jean Paul Richter*

In the hour of death everything in the parting soul fades and dies away,—poetry, reflection, effort, each earthly joy: the night-flower of faith alone blooms and flourishes and refreshes with its perfume in the last darkness.—*Jean Paul Richter*

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason, or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold,—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Critics discharge their bile by preference against writers of genius, who endure their attacks most patiently; even as people deposit their dirt and rubbish more frequently before public edifices, such as an hotel-de-ville, a theatre, a church, rather than against private houses.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Despair is a suicide of the heart, and as in Silesia they bury those who have destroyed themselves with their faces downwards, man, the prey of despair, lets his face fall to the earth, with which he is not yet mingled, instead of lifting it to heaven which he has lost, heaven which is, and will always be open to him.—*Jean Paul Richter*

What is poverty, and what is he that repines under it? The pain is but as that of piercing a maiden's ears when you hang jewels in the wound.—*Jean Paul Richter*

The censor of political and religious books should remember the Cayba spider Don Antonio de Ulloa talks of, which gives out a

mortal poison if seized and crushed, but is perfectly innoxious when blown off the skin.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

The last best fruit which comes to late perfection, even in the kindest soul, is tenderness toward the hard, forbearance toward the unforbearing, warmth of heart toward the cold, philanthropy toward the misanthropic.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of disbelief in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—*Jean Paul Richter*

There are so many tender and holy emotions flying about in our inward world, which, like angels, can never assume the body of an outward act; so many rich and lovely flowers spring up which bear no seed, that it is a happiness poetry was invented, which receives into its limbus all these incorporeal spirits, and the perfume of all these flowers.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Salt is a very good condiment, but very bad food. Never do I feel more refreshed by serious passages than when they occur amidst comic ones ; as the green spots amid the rocks and glaciers of Switzerland soothe the eye amid the glare and glitter of snow and ice. Hence it is that the humour of the English which is engrafted on the stem of lofty seriousness, has grown so luxuriantly and overtopped that of all other nations.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you will love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing, from the dewdrop to the ocean, but a mirror which it warms and fills,—*Jean Paul Richter*

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps, than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah ! how many of these affectionate creatures are there who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting ; who with bright joyous eyes flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break out into

the tears which oppressed them ; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears,— just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistless day foretells rain.—*Jean Paul Richter*

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers ; but ere the pure and fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of earth and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Man is higher than his dwelling place ; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

The more we satisfy the demands of conscience, the stronger they become. Love

and religion are here like the sun. By mere daylight and torchlight the air of the apartment seems pure and undisturbed by a single particle, but let in a sunbeam, and how much dust and motes are hovering about.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

There will come another era when it shall be light, and man will awaken from his lofty dreams and find—his dreams still there, and that nothing is gone save his sleep.

Infinite Providence, thou wilt cause the day to dawn. But as yet struggles the twelfth hour of the night; nocturnal birds of prey are on the wing, spectres uproar, the dead walk, the living dream.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

I could with less pain deny Immortality than Deity; there I should lose but a world covered with mists, here I should lose the present world, namely the Sun thereof; the whole Spiritual universe is dashed asunder by the hand of Atheism into numberless quicksilver points of Me's, which glitter, run, waver, fly together or asunder, without unity

of German Wisdom *

or continuance. No one in creation is so alone as the denier of God ; he mourns with an orphaned heart that has lost its great Father, by the corpse of Nature, which no world-spirit moves and holds together. The whole world lies before him like the Egyptian Sphynx half-buried in the sand, and the All is the cold iron mask of a formless eternity.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Every unpleasant feeling is a sign that I have become untrue to my resolutions—
Epictetus was not unhappy.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Not chance, but I am to blame for my sufferings.—*Jean Paul Richter*

It were an impossible miracle if none befell thee : look for their coming therefore ; each day make thyself sure of many.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Expect injuries for men are weak, and thou thyself doest such too often.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Mollify thy heart by depicting the sufferings of thy enemy ; think of him as of one spiritually sick who deserves sympathy.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

Most men judge so badly ; why wouldst thou be praised by a child ? No one would respect thee in a beggar's coat : what is a respect that is paid to woollen cloth, not to thee ?—*Jean Paul Richter*

Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation : our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly — being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness : and the archangel, who has never felt anger has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the oyster, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

—*Jean Paul Richter*

A woman is not able, like a man, to protect her inner castles of air and of magic

exposed to the weather. To what then is the wife to cling? To her husband. The husband must always stand near the liquid silver of the female spirit with a spoon, and continually skim off the scum which covers it, that the silver glance of the ideal may continue to glitter.—*Jean Paul Richter*

Rothe, Richard

WHAT a strange creature is man, who must worry himself to find out what he really is.—*Richard Rothe*

With regard to sin, the saying of Archimedes holds good. “Give me a fulcrum outside the world and I will move the world.” He who stands altogether outside sin has that within himself whereby He can remove sin and cast it out of humanity.

—*Richard Rothe*

The Bible was not composed in order to furnish texts for preachers.—*Richard Rothe*

The work of Christ is this, that He *really* carries out the idea for which God created man.—*Richard Rothe*

The Saviour judges all sin leniently except lovelessness and hypocrisy.—*Richard Rothe*

Men use the Scriptures very little indeed for the purpose for which they were intended and very much for what they were not intended.—*Richard Rothe*

It will be a good thing, when men get accustomed to find the uniqueness and sanctity of the Bible in what really belongs to it, and not in qualities dogmatically assigned to it.—*Richard Rothe*

Rückert, Friedrich

THIS true, the breath of sighs throws
mist upon a mirror,
But yet, through breath of sighs the soul's
clear glass grows clearer.

—Friedrich Rückert

From God there is no flight, but only *to*
Him. Daring
Protects not when He frowns, but the child's
filial bearing.

—Friedrich Rückert

A father should to God pray, each new day
at latest,
“Lord teach me how to use the power Thou
delegatest.”

—Friedrich Rückert

O, look whene'er the world thy senses would
betray,
Up to the steady heavens, where the stars
never stray !

—Friedrich Rückert

The sun and moon take turns and each to
each gives place ;
Else were e'en their wide house but a too
narrow space.

—Friedrich Rückert

When thy weak heart is tossed with passion's
fiery gust
Say to it, " Knowest thou, how soon thou
shalt be dust ? "

—Friedrich Rückert

Much rather than the spots upon the sun's
broad light
Would love spy out the stars, scarce twink-
ling through the night.

—Friedrich Rückert

of German Wisdom *

Repentance can avail from God's rebuke
to save,
But men will ne'er forget thine errors in thy
grave.

—Friedrich Rückert

Say to thy pride: “ ’Tis all but ashes for
the urn,
Come, let us own our dust, before to dust we
turn.”

—Friedrich Rückert

Be yielding to thy foe, and peace shall he
yield back,
But yield not to thyself, and thou’rt on
victory’s track.

—Friedrich Rückert

According as thou wouldest receive, thou
must impart;
Must wholly give a life wholly to have a
heart.

—Friedrich Rückert

What more says he that speaks, than he that
holds his peace?

Yet woe betide the heart that from Thy
praise can cease!

—Friedrich Rückert

O sun, I am thy beam! O rose, I am thy
scent!

I am thy drop, O sea! thy breath, O firma-
ment!

Unmeasured mystery! what not the heavens
contain

Will here be held in this small heart and
narrow brain.

—Friedrich Rückert

The mulberry leaf must bear the biting of a
worm,

That so it may be raised to wear its silken
form.

—Friedrich Rückert

See, how along the ground the ant-hosts
blindly throng!

Yet no more than the choirs of stars can
these go wrong.

—Friedrich Rückert

of German Wisdom ≈

Wouldst thou first pause to thank thy God
for every pleasure,
For mourning over griefs thou wouldst not
find the leisure

—Friedrich Rückert

O heart, but try it once ! 'tis easy good to *be*,
But to *appear* so, such a strain and misery !

Friedrich Rückert

Of what each one should be, he sees the
form and rule,
And, till he reach to that his joy can ne'er
be full.

—Friedrich Rückert

The heart that loves somewhat is not aban-
doned yet,
The smallest fibre serves some root in God
to set.

—Friedrich Rückert

Because she bears the pearl, *that* makes the
shell-fish sore,
Be thankful for the grief that but exalts thee
more.

—Friedrich Rückert

Life's ills end well upon Death's bed ;
Yet life shrinks back from Death with dread.
Life sees but the dark hand and not
The clear cup that it holds, instead.
So shrinks the heart from love away,
As if 'twere thus to ruin led.
And truly when Love fully wakes,
The gloomy despot Self lies dead.
So let it perish in the night,
And breathe thou free the morning's red.

—Friedrich Rückert

A Lover who in confidence
Lets other people know it,
Ill edifies his audience,
Or else he is a poet.

—Friedrich Rückert

Reason, rebelling, armed 'gainst Love one day
And "Wisdom" on his banner blazed o'er-
head.
Love sent a breath to make the attack, they
say,
When Reason, trembling, spiked his guns
and fled.

—Friedrich Rückert

of German Wisdom *

See the rose-bed of creation
Never of its flowers is bare ;
Fades one red-cheeked generation,
Lo ! another crop is there.

—Friedrich Rückert

A poet is a king without a throne,
And earthly ones, who here in purple dress
Him as their equal do not love to own ;
'Twere better he should shun their courts, I
guess.

—Friedrich Rückert

Spring is a poet ; wheresoe'er he looks,
Trees bloom and all the fields look gay.
Autumn's a critic ; dead leaves strew the
brooks,
Touched by his breath, and nature's charms
decay.

—Friedrich Rückert

Ciphers with a unit at their head
Grow to hundreds, thousands,—what you
will ;
When by one they choose not to be led
Million ciphers are but zero still.

—Friedrich Rückert

Prose never brings a full-formed work to
light ;
However great, 'tis but a fragment still ;
While not four lines can Poesy indite
But a round whole thy ear and thought shall
fill.

—Friedrich Rückert

O heart ! keep loving ; though time hath
bereft thee
Of youth and beauty, yet never despair.
They have not departed, while love is left
thee
For love and love only is young and fair.

—Friedrich Rückert

The dog is born a slave to be
The will of his lord for law holds he.
But the cat is a creature born to be free
Thou play'st not with her, she plays with
thee.

—Friedrich Rückert

of German Wisdom

The children of wisdom are they
Who, bound to the kingdom of truth, make
 error a stage by the way,
But they who in error's tavern put up and
 make themselves jolly
They are the children of folly.

—Friedrich Rückert

Truth is the easiest part of all to play.
Act thyself,—appear
What thou art,—and no fear
That thou canst ever miss thy way.

—Friedrich Rückert

A father one day was teaching his son
No monarch had a right to his throne.
The son learned well in his father's school
And knocked the old gentleman off his stool.

—Friedrich Rückert

In every stone, in every clod
Lies hid an image of man or god ;
But whoso would bring it to daylight, he
Must either a carver or sculptor be.

—Friedrich Rckert

There came from heaven a flying turtle-dove
And brought a leaf of clover from above ;
He dropped it ;—and O happy they that find !
The triple flower is Faith and Hope and Love.

—Friedrich Rückert

A father and his son are wandering far from
home

Late in the night along a lonely moor they roam
On every rock and tree and o'er the dismal
plain

For guidance through the gloom the boy
looks forth in vain.

Meanwhile the old man looks upon the
heavens alone :

“ How can our path on earth among the
stars be shown ? ”

Rocks, trees and lonely moor tell nothing of
the way

From heaven the pole-star sheds a faint but
steady ray,

And shows the safe road home. “ 'Tis
good to trust in One ;

To find your path on earth look up to
heaven, my son.”

—Friedrich Rückert

of German Wisdom *

When Alexander died, he gave command,
They from his coffin should let hang his hand,
That all men who had seen him formerly
Exulting in the pomp of royalty,
Might now see that with empty hands, alone,
He too the universal road had gone,
And that of all his treasures, nothing save
That empty hand went with him to the grave.

—Friedrich Rückert

Spring weaves a magic net of odours, colours,
sounds;
Come, Autumn! free the soul from these
enchanted bounds.
My tree was thick with shade: O storm!
thine office do
And strip the foliage off to let the heavens
shine through.

—Friedrich Rückert

Since Love would quicken thee to life, be
like the ground!
Not out of stubborn flint will Spring's soft
growths be found.

—Friedrich Rückert

Rumohr

HAVE you ever happened to be a witness of domestic brawls? — of genuine feminine altercations? Where do you hear a single argument? Where is a particle of reason evinced in the replies? Senseless contradiction, endless repetitions are, to the despair of all belonging to them, the arguments of obstinate and shrewish women. Whence is this, if it does not arise from the superficiality of their education? Believe me, if women were taught to think, reason would not be so entirely thrown away upon them.—*Rumohr*

Salis

THE human heart below here,
By tempests beaten sore,
Never arrives where peace is
Until it beats no more.

—*Salis*

O Land ! O Land !
For all the broken-hearted ;
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land !

—*Salis*

Schefer, Leopold

BLESSED are they who see, and yet
believe not!

Yea, blest are they who look on graves and
still

Believe none dead ; who see proud tyrants
ruling

And yet believe not in the strength of Evil ;
Who see vast temples standing, yet believe
not

That they are shrines of many gods ; who
see

Priests, yet believe them not wiser than men.

And blest are they who see the evil-doer

In wealth and honour, yet will not believe

That he is otherwise than poor and wretched.

Blessed are they who see the wandering
poor

And yet believe not that their God forsakes
them ;

Who see the blind worm groping, yet believe
not

That even *that* is left without a path ;
Who see the sun down-going and up-rising
And yet believe not in his changefulness ;
Who see the flowers up-spring from the
ground

And yet believe not they were dead before.
Blessed are they who see and yet believe not ;
For they who as they see, believe, are
wretched.

—Leopold Schefer

Life is not heavy to the ever-good !
To him alone who is but seldom good
Or only often good, is all a snarl,
As to the weaver who has dropped asleep !
Life is so light when man is always good.

—Leopold Schefer

The ungrateful make life ashes ! Gratitude
Could of itself create its God and Father !

—Leopold Schefer

All that exists, fits, and belongs together,
E'en man and cloud, no less than child and
nurse.

—Leopold Schefer

And who has not known misery? dear soul!
Who would not thank God for his sorrows
all

When, in their working, they become so
sweet.

Good for ourselves and for humanity.

'Tis thus the roots of the aloe tree are bitter
But cast upon the glowing coals, how sweet,
How lasting and diffusive is their fragrance!
Yea, I have seen a lame and halting child
Prop up most tenderly a broken plant;
And a poor mother whose own child was
burnt

Snatch from the flame the children of another.
So, generous man, return thou constant
thanks

For all thy griefs to God and to mankind
And ending grief will make unending joy!

—Leopold Schefer

A child is silent with astonishment

When for the first time from his mother,—
her,—

God's image,—he receives an angry blow!
And paleness overspreads him as one dead.

—Leopold Schefer

Death

Appears in all its wondrous majesty
Only upon man's face. And one thing
more

Thou seest, as through a lightly woven veil
Through his transparent face, the blessedness
Even of the dead, of them that have gone
hence

To where the still source of all being is.

—*Leopold Schefer*

The mother of true joy

To thoughtfulness—the eye of God in man
That sees all clearly and loves all things clear.

—*Leopold Schefer*

God shapes each blossom, every blade of
grass,

And seems as if He stood before the pink,
Not yet content till He had faithfully
Traced on it every stripe and every point.

Where do we see thee show such diligence
And such devoutness in thy works, O man !

—*Leopold Schefer*

Be not a tyrant to the hearts that love thee,
And hope more from thee than from all the
world.

Tranquillity in the heart and in the house
Liberty in the house and in the heart,
These are the goods man needs, which he
himself

All by himself has fearful power to mar,
Destroy ! Were there not tyrants in the
house,

Thousands of tyrants in as many houses,
Tyrants of millions of affectionate hearts,
Then were there peace and freedom in the
world.

—*Leopold Schefer*

Schiller, Friedrich

I DO not know what I should be,
My gentle Muse, by thee forgot,
But sick at heart am I to see
What thousands are, who know thee not.
—Friedrich Schiller

In thy breast are the stars of thy destiny.
—Friedrich Schiller

Happy suckling ! To thee an infinite space
is thy cradle,
Grow to a man, and then narrow the
universe seems.
—Friedrich Schiller

“Pausing for nought, Time hastens away.”
He seeks the Enduring,
Be but true and thou lay’st chains everlasting
on him.
—Friedrich Schiller

Show me the fortunate man and the Gods I
forget in a moment,
But before me they stand, when I the
sufferer see.

—Friedrich Schiller

Rank exists in the moral world also.
Commoner natures
Pay with that which they *do*; noble with
that which they *are*.

—Friedrich Schiller

*Hast thou something? Impart; I'll willingly
pay thee what's proper.*
*Art thou something? Oh then souls I with
thee would exchange.*

—Friedrich Schiller

All have a share in thy thought; thine own
is that which thou feelest.
Wouldst thou make it thine own, *feel* then the
God whom thou thinkst.

—Friedrich Schiller

of German Wisdom *

“How do I know the best State?” Why,
how do you know the best woman?
This, my friend, is the sign:—neither is
spoken about.

—*Friedrich Schiller*

Every other master is known by what he
expresses;
What he wisely conceals shows me the
master of Style.

—*Friedrich Schiller*

Endless lies the world that thine eye traces,—
Even Commerce scarcely belts it round;
Yet upon its all unmeasured spaces
For ten happy ones no room is found.

—*Friedrich Schiller*

On the heart’s outspread and quiet pinion
Must thou fly from out this rough life’s
throng;
Freedom lives but within Dream’s dominion
And the Beautiful blooms but in song.

—*Friedrich Schiller*

The way of Order, though it lead through
windings,
Is the best. Right forward goes the
lightning
And the cannon-ball; quick by the nearest
path
They come, op'ning with murderous crash
their way,
To blast and ruin. My Son! the quiet
road
Which men frequent, where peace and
blessings travel,
Follows the river's course, the valley's
bendings,
Modest skirts the cornfield and the vineyard,
Revering property's appointed bounds
And leading safe though slower to the mark.

—Friedrich Schiller

As the sun

Ere it is risen, sometimes paints its image
In the atmosphere, so often do the spirits
Of great events stride on before the events
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

—Friedrich Schiller

of German Wisdom *

Madness, thou conquerest, and I must yield ;
Against stupidity the gods in vain contend.

—Friedrich Schiller

There exist moments in the life of man
When he is nearer the great Soul of the world
Than is man's custom and possesses freely
The power of questioning his destiny.

—Friedrich Schiller

Wilt thou, my friend, aspire to the loftiest
summit of wisdom ?

Be not daunted, although Prudence may
laugh at thee for't.

She, short-sighted, but sees the bank that
is flying behind thee,

Not the one where, at last, landeth thy
resolute flight.

—Friedrich Schiller

When I hate, I take something away
from myself ; when I love, I become richer
by what I love. Forgiveness is the recovery
of a lost property. Misanthropy is a per-
petual suicide. Egotism is the highest
poverty of a created being.—Friedrich Schiller

Know that the human being's thoughts and
deeds

Are not like ocean billows blindly moved.

The inner world, his microcosmos, is

The deep shaft out of which they spring
eternally.

They grow by certain laws like the tree's
fruit

No juggling chance can metamorphose them.

Have I the human *kernel* first examined

Then I know, too, the future will and action.

—Friedrich Schiller

The Artist, it is true, is the son of his
age ; but pity for him, if he is its pupil, or
even its favourite. Let some beneficent
Divinity snatch him when a suckling from
the breast of his mother, and nurse him with
the milk of a better time ; that he may
ripen to his full stature beneath a distant
Grecian sky. And, having grown to man-
hood, let him return ; not however to delight
it by his presence ; but terrible, like the son
of Agamemnon, to purify it.

—Friedrich Schiller

of German Wisdom *

The word of passion, that has escaped without intention, strikes not roots from the lips, yet swallowed by suspicion's ears, it creeps like a rank poisonous weed, and hangs about the heart with a thousand shoots, separating at last in sad perplexity the good and best without a chance of reconciliation.—*Friedrich Schiller*

Steer, bold mariner, on ! albeit toilings deride thee

And the steersman drop idly his hand at the helm ;

Ever, ever to westward ! There must the coast be discovered

If it but lie distinct, luminous lie in thy mind.

Trust to the God that leads thee, and follow the sea that is silent

Did it not yet exist, now would it rise from the flood.

Nature with Genius stands united in league everlasting.

What is promised to one, surely the other performs.

—*Friedrich Schiller (Columbus)*

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. There does not live on earth the man, be his station what it may, such that I despise myself compared with him. Man is made great or little by his own will.

—Friedrich Schiller

Schlegel, A. W. von

DU CLOS remarks that few distinguished works have been produced by any but authors by profession. In France this class has long been held in respect. With us, a man used to be esteemed as less than nothing if he were only an author. This prejudice still shows itself here and there, but the force of honoured examples must in time crush it. Authorship is, according to the spirit in which it is pursued, an infamy, a pastime, a day-labour, a handicraft, an art, a science, a virtue.—*A. W. von Schlegel*

There are days in which we are in a most felicitous vein for the conception of new images and projects, but can neither communicate nor mature any of them. These are not thoughts; they are only the ghosts of thoughts.—*A. W. von Schlegel*

There is no more potent antidote to low sensuality than the adoration of beauty. All the higher arts of design are essentially chaste, without respect of the object. They purify the thoughts as tragedy, according to Aristotle, purifies the passions. Their accidental effects are not worth consideration. There are souls to whom even a vestal is not holy.—*A. W. von Schlegel*

The illusion of a past golden age is one of the greatest hindrances to the approach of the golden age that should come. If the golden age is past, it was not genuine. Gold cannot rust nor decay; it comes out of all admixtures and all decompositions pure and indestructible. If the golden age will not endure, it had better never arise, for it can produce nothing but elegies on its loss.

—*A. W. von Schlegel*

Notes to a poem are like anatomical lectures on a savoury joint.

—*A. W. von Schlegel*

Schleiermacher, Friedrich

IF a man possess not a living and strong will that leads the way to good, rousing every inner faculty—seizing on every external circumstance, employing every moment of life that he may work in a way suitable to the will of God and the just requirements of society then is he either a plaything of sensual desires, which he cannot always prevent from sinking into vehement passions, or his impulse for active life is not properly excited, and he passes a life of shameful indolence.—*Friedrich Schleiermacher*

The true priest of the Highest is he who brings it nearer to those whose minds seldom reach above the finite and the low ; who sets heavenly and eternal things before them as a source of enjoyment and a bond of union, as the only exhaustless spring of that to which all their efforts are directed. Thus he strives to waken the sleeping germ of a

better humanity, to enkindle the love for the lofty, to transform the meaner into a nobler life, to reconcile the children of earth to the heaven which is theirs, and to hold the balance against the stupid devotion of the age to mere material good. This is that higher priesthood which reveals the depths of all spiritual mysteries, and whose voice comes down from the Kingdom of God ; this is the source of all visions and prophesying, of all holy works and inspired words which are scattered about, as if at random, that the apt spirit may receive them, and may bring forth fruit.—*Friedrich Schleiermacher*

Schopenhauer, Arthur

FAITH is like love: it cannot be forced. Therefore it is a dangerous operation if an attempt is made to introduce or bind it by State regulations; for as the attempt to force love begets hatred, so also to compel religious belief produces rank unbelief.

—*Arthur Schopenhauer*

A truth that is merely acquired from others only clings to us much in the same way as a limb that is added to our body, a false tooth, a wax nose, or at most a nose that is made up of the flesh of another. A truth which we have acquired by our own mental exertions is like our natural limbs; such alone really belong to us. This is exactly the difference between an original thinker and the mere learned man.

—*Arthur Schopenhauer*

Everyone feels that he is something else than a nothing which has been animated by another. From this arises the confidence that death, though it may put an end to life, does not close man's existence.

—*Arthur Schopenhauer*

Stieglitz, Charlotte

MANY individuals, like animals, possess only the present moment,—neither the past nor the future.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

With some natures you can't, as it were, give yourself out ; they clip your thoughts close off, till you lose breath.

—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

I don't call resignation the making yourself a mere clod for grief to trample upon. No ; resignation is making yourself the master of it.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

of German Wisdom *

With some individuals you cannot express thoughts, only matters of fact.

—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

Where there is no restraint, there is also no charm; so in society, in friendship,—everywhere.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

There are people without handles that one can't get hold of.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

Women best understand how to hallow and make friends with grief; and that in return bears them with a strong arm above all the petty cares and troubles of life.

—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

Everything, tree, flower, plant—all nature—is satisfied in itself,—seeks to be nothing else: the rose to be no lily, the lily to be no rose, the wild flower to be no exotic. Only man is dissatisfied, and seeks to be other than he is; and yet only is and can be, in being himself.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

One ought to break with a friend with whom one has no longer sufficient motive to restrain oneself. Such ruin the character.

—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

As the tree by the backward and forward rocking of the wind, is prevented from too hasty a growth, and compelled to take deeper root,—so man, tossed in the storms of life, throws out deeper roots in his character. A hot-house plant shoots waveringly on high without strength.—*Charlotte Stieglitz*

Tieck, Ludwig

SURELY it is a noble endeavour in man to create a work of art, a work independent, complete in itself, subservient to no utilitarian purpose, a beautiful object shining in its own splendour. The instinct to produce such a work seems to point more directly to a higher world than any other impulse of our nature. And yet this beautiful art is a seductive and forbidden fruit, and he who has once been intoxicated with its sweetness, may be regarded as a lost man in practical life. He becomes more and more absorbed in his own internal pleasures and at length finds he has no heart to feel, no hand to labour for his fellow men. For my own part I am shocked at my own folly when I reflect on my whole life devoted to the luxury of music. Here I have sat, a self-indulging hermit, drawing sensations of sweetness from harmonious tones, while all around me the great world of mankind to

which I belong, and for which I do nothing, is involved in the care and strife that must attend its progress. There is evidently a seductive poison in the apparently innocent love of art.—*Ludwig Tieck*

Can that love die which now shines in the deepest depth of my existence, and enlightens the darkest chambers, and all the strange treasures of my heart? It is not the beauty alone of my beloved that transports me; it is not alone her gentle engaging character, but, above all, her love; and this *my* love which goes forth to meet her, is my most holy and imperishable will,—my soul itself, which in this feeling breaks loose from the bonds of darkening matter. In this love I see and feel faith and immortality, nay, even the Nameless Himself, and all the wonders of His manifestation in the very centre of my being. Beauty may fade and vanish; it only goes before us thither where we shall find it again; but faith abides with us.

—*Ludwig Tieck*

Tiedge, Christoph

WHITHER thou turbid wave?
Whither with so much haste
As if a thief wert thou?"

" I am the Wave of Life
Stained with my margin's dust ;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of time."

—*Christoph Tiedge*

Virchow

NO more than a cannon-ball can set itself in motion by its own inherent power, or than the force with which it strikes against other bodies can be the simple result of its material properties ; no more

than the heavenly bodies can be self-moving, or their motive power derived from their form and composition, can the phenomena of life be entirely explained by the properties of the matter of which the individual parts are composed.—*Virchow*

Von Humboldt, Wilhelm

THREE is a spiritual individuality but not every one attains to it. As a peculiar distinctive form of mind, it is eternal and immutable. Whatever cannot thus individually shape itself, may return into the universal life of Nature.

—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*

Man appears to me to be here in order that he may make all that surrounds him his own—the property of his understanding and life is short. I would fain, when I must depart hence, leave behind me as little as possible which I have not brought into contact with my own mind. This desire has

of German Wisdom *

always been part of my nature, and has alas ! often led me astray, so as to defeat its own ends. In knowledge as well as in life, I have ever suffered far too wide a dispersion of myself. I have grasped at everything and have forgotten that, while steady application to one object leaves permanent results, attention to many consumes the mental vigour and faculties in vain.

—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*

(*To Schiller.*) You are the happiest of men ; you have grasped the highest, and you have strength to hold it fast. It is become your region ; and not only has ordinary life no power to trouble you in it, but you bring down from that empyrean a kindness, a gentleness, a clearness and a warmth into this lower world, which renders it impossible to mistake your descent. For you, one has nothing to pray for but life. Strength and youth are yours beyond the power of change.—*Wilhelm von Humboldt*

Von Kleist, Heinrich

IS He indeed present to thee?
Seest thou Him in the red glow of
evening,
When it falls amid the silent thickets?
Hearest thou Him in the gush of the waters,
And in the song of the love-lorn nightin-
gale?
Doth not the mountain proclaim Him to
thee, in vain?
The roar of the rock-foamed cataract, in
vain?
When the sun beams high in His temple,
Dost thou not descend into the mine of
thine own heart
And there worship thine idol?"

—Heinrich von Kleist

Von Knebel

WEEEN ye that law and right and the
rule of life are uncertain?
Wild as the wandering wind, loose as the
drift of the sand?
Fools! look round and perceive an order
and measure in all things,
Look at the herb as it grows, look at the
life of the brute:
Everything lives by law, a central balance
sustains all;
Water and fire and air, wavy and wild
though they be,
Own an inherent power that binds their
rage; and without it
Earth would burst every bond, ocean would
yawn into hell.
Life and breath what are they? The system
of laws that sustains thee
Ceases: and mortal, say whither thy being
has fled!

What thou art in thyself is a type of the common creation,
For in the universe life, order, existence are one.
Look to the world of mind ; hath soul no law that controls it ?
Elements many in one build up the temple of thought.
Constant swayeth within us a living balance that weighs all
Truth and order and right, measures and ponders and feels.
Passions arouse the breast ; the tongue swift-seized by the impulse
Wisely (if wisdom there be) follows the law of the soul ;
Thus too ruleth a law, a sure law, deep in the bosom,
Blessing us when we obey, punishing when we offend.

—*von Knebel*

There are in certain heads a kind of established errors against which reason has no weapons. There are more of these mere



assertions current than one would believe. Men are very fond of proving their steadfast adherence to nonsense.—*von Knebel*

True hope is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes and has always cause to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events. Such a spirit too rests upon itself; it is not confined to partial views, or to one particular object. And if at last all should be lost, it has saved itself,—its own integrity and worth.

Hope awakens courage, while despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up of the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can implant courage in the human heart is its best physician.

To seek to govern men by their fears and their wants is an unworthy purpose; the desire to rule by means of cowardice is itself cowardice. Love inspires courage and hope, and thus is doubly the giver and preserver of life.

Whatever teaches us boldly to combat the manifold doubts and assaults of life, enables us to win the crown of victory. Special care ought therefore to be taken in education to teach what true courage is—as well in social and domestic, as in public affairs—and by what means it may be best sustained.

—*von Knebel*

Von Logau, Friedrich

WHEREUNTO is money good?
Who has it not, wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it, has despair.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

Joy and temperance and repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

Manlike is it to fall into sin,
Friendlike is it to dwell therein,
Christlike is it for sin to grieve,
Godlike is it all sin to leave.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

of German Wisdom *

A millstone and the human heart are driven
ever round,
If they have nothing else to grind, they must
themselves be ground.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

Though the mills of God grind slowly,
yet they grind exceeding small,
Though with patience He stands waiting,
with exactness grinds He all.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

When by night the frogs are croaking,
kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus
Truth silences the Liar.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

In praise of truth and honesty
Men's busy tongues are never still,
Tis well,—for both are fled from earth,
De mortuis nisi bonum nil.

—*Friedrich von Logau*

Weber, C. M. V.

IT is the grace and glory of a man to be the slave of his word. Delude not yourself with the notion that you may be untrue and uncertain in trifles, and in important things the contrary. Trifles make up existence, and give the observer the measure by which to try us; and the fearful power of habit, after a time, suffers not the best will to ripen into action.—*C. M. V. Weber*

Wernicke

BLISS is like woman,—both alike we see
Immutable in mutability.

—*Wernicke*

Wülfle

ETERNITY ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity ?

For still to thee man's little life

Darts, like the daring steed to strife ;

Swifter than post,—than home-bound bark,—

Or arrow speeding to the mark.

Think, mortal, of Eternity !

—Wülfle

Eternity ! Eternity !

How long art thou, Eternity ?

A circle infinite art thou,

Whose centre is the Eternal Now ;

The vast circumference men call never

For that it finds no end for ever.

Think, mortal, of Eternity !

—Wülfle

Zeiler

WHO noble *is* may hold in scorn
The man who is but noble born.

—Zeiler

Witness against thee!—wheresoe'er thou
goest,

Thou bearest thy accuser, as thou knowest.

—Zeiler

Ziegler, Friedrich

THE heart of man is older than his head. The first born is sensitive but blind,—his younger brother has a cold but all-comprehensive glance. The blind must consent to be led by the clear-sighted if he would avoid falling.—Friedrich Ziegler

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